

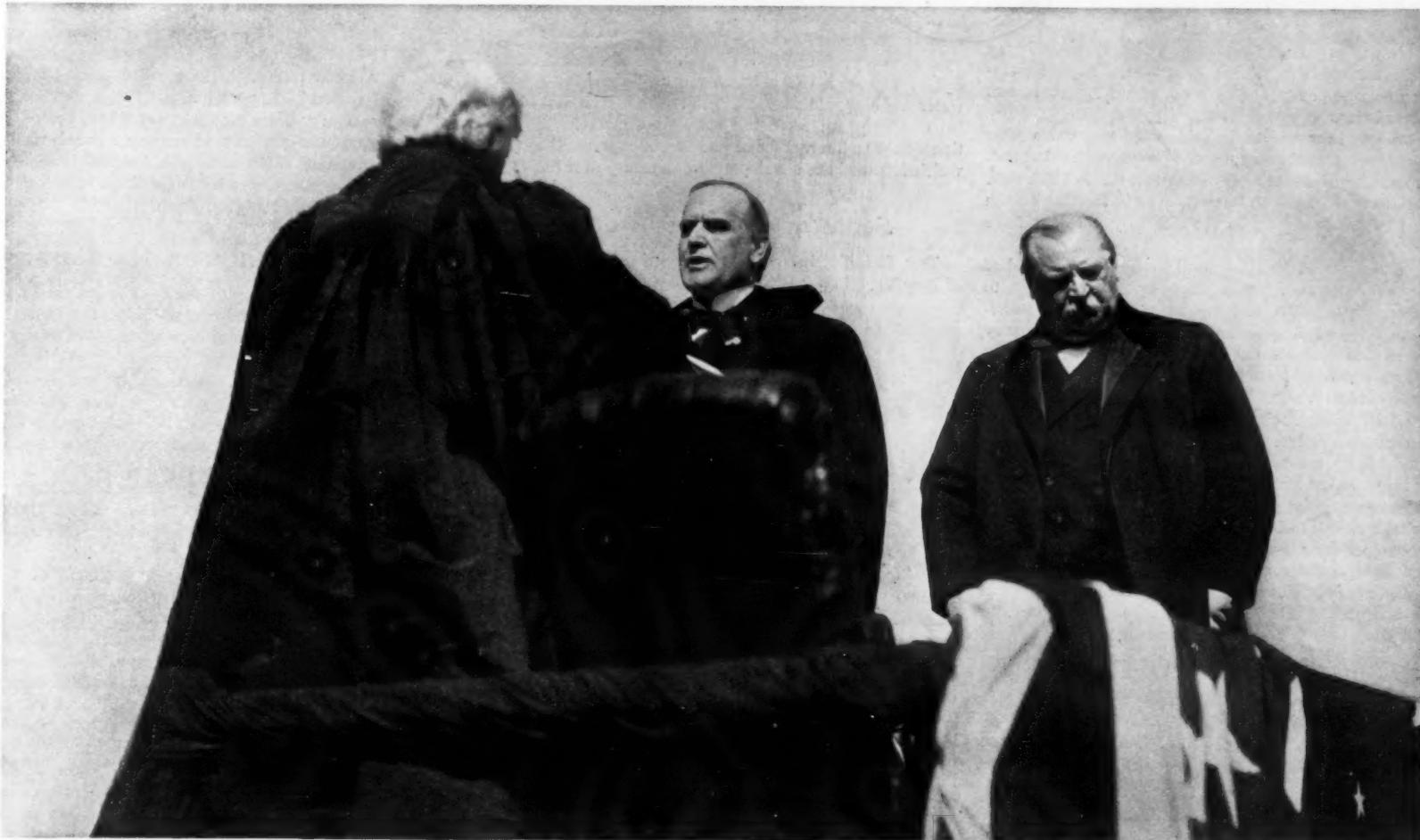
LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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CHIEF JUSTICE FULLER ADMINISTERING THE OATH OF OFFICE.



THE NEW PRESIDENT DELIVERING HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

THE INAUGURATION OF MCKINLEY.

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The Inaugural Address.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S speech, made just after he took the oath of office, was pretty much what we expected. Indeed, we outlined, two weeks ago, the policy which has now been stated formally. We are sure that the business men of the country will feel reassured by what has been said. Major McKinley has a definite policy, and he is not afraid to state it with entire frankness.

His bravery in regard to the arbitration treaty was notable; but it was safe bravery, for the people are behind that treaty, and it will not take Senators forever to learn this. The Senators will have to learn it, even in the face of the accepted theory in regard to the difficulty old dogs have with new tricks.

The whole tone of the inaugural shows that the head of the new administration thinks that the country ought to settle down to business, and that he means to give assistance rather than put obstructions in the way. The very temperate nature of his tariff recommendations bears out this view, which is entirely confirmed by what he says about the currency.

As to our foreign relations he was positive and at the same time conservative. Peace is what he means to strive for. By this we are to understand that nothing done by Spain in Cuba as yet justifies any interference on our part. To be sure, Major McKinley mentioned neither Spain nor Cuba, and it is quite likely that he is unwilling to say anything more definite on these subjects until he has official information from sources selected by himself. That information he can obtain in good time; when he has it we can rest assured that Spain will hear from him in no uncertain words. For Spain to be brought to a halt because of cruelties practiced on a few American citizens would be well, perhaps, but it would be far nobler for us to give the word to stop in the name of humanity and civilization.

But the new President is to be trusted. He will go slowly because that is the way of wisdom; he will go surely, too, for that is the way of strength.

The Potential Energy of Coal.

WHETHER Mr. Case has pointed the way to the solution of one of the grandest problems of the time, or, on

the other hand, has simply performed a scientific experiment, very interesting but of no commercial importance, are questions that cannot as yet be answered. His demonstration, however, of the fact that by chemical action upon coal it is possible to transfer its latent energy into active force with comparatively little waste has already attracted wide attention

and suggested anew the tremendous consequences to civilization if this problem be ever solved to commercial use.

Though Case is the first to show that the energy that is in coal can be converted into potential force without the intervention of heat, Jacques not long ago exhibited a process somewhat similar, to scientists and capitalists in Boston. While opinions differ as to the permanent value of Jacques's system, yet he, too, as did Case a few days ago at Columbia College in New York, demonstrated that chemical action upon coal would cause it to deliver its stored energy so that it might be utilized as power, but he employed heat.

Case, however, does not claim that his discovery is as yet of any commercial advantage. The expense of the process would prohibit its use. For, while his process utilizes more than seventy per cent. of the energy that is in coal, yet the chemicals employed and the process are so expensive as to make them of no greater value for commercial use than is the universal utilization of the energy that is in coal by its transformation into steam-power.

The commercial importance attached to these recent tests lies in the fact that they are a step in the direction of a cheap, instantaneous, and complete transformation of this latent energy into positive and usable force. For if expensive chemicals and processes can effect this transfer of power from coal to machinery, it is reasonable to infer that by and by cheaper agents and processes may be discovered.

If they are—and some of the world's ablest scientists believe that the discovery will be made—then a revolution in commercial civilization vaster than that caused by the utilization of steam, or the existing employment of electric force, is sure to come.

It means the vastest economy in commercial energy the world has ever known. To-day the most efficient machines

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which are used to obtain steam-power cannot utilize more than fifteen per cent. of the energy that is in coal. Every time a ton of coal is burned to produce steam-power, from eighty per cent. to ninety per cent. of its energy is wasted. It goes off in the form of heat, smoke, gas. The stifling heat of the stoker's hole upon an ocean steamship is merely the wasted energy of coal. Were it possible to save that and utilize it for the production of steam, one stoker could do the work of ten and one ton of coal produce the power which can now be secured from five or more tons. Instead of burning three hundred or more tons a day, fifty would do the work. So, too, in every engine-room where power is produced there would be this vast saving.

A moment's reflection will suggest the tremendous influence of this vast reduction in the expense of producing power. It would be reflected speedily in all the markets of the world. Everything that men consume, everything that they purchase, every yard of cloth, barrel of flour, every railway charge, would respond to this far-reaching and vast economy. Steam-power would become almost a tradition, and with the stage-coach, the wind-mill, and the water-wheel would pass, except here and there, out of useful employment; while the indirect effects upon civilization would be likely to be of greater consequence than those which follow the development of steam-power itself.

Secretary of the Interior.

THE difficulty in the way of securing a representative of New York in the President's Cabinet was removed when



MR. CORNELIUS N. BLISS.

Mr. Cornelius N. Bliss agreed to accept the Secretaryship of the Interior, for a time at least. Mr. Bliss is a man of such commanding executive ability that it would be well for the country if his services have been enlisted for full term. Whether this be so or not, it is a fortunate thing when a man like Mr. Bliss is willing to sacrifice his personal interests and his private ease to take a public place of much difficulty and great responsibility. There are four places in the Cabinet

into either of which Mr. Bliss would have fitted. The one he has accepted does not offer him such opportunities for distinction as any of the other three. It may be, however, that there will be a readjustment of offices in a few months, for it is well known that one of the Cabinet members aspires to the Bench, and that another is not entirely averse to retirement to private life.

The Arbitration Principle at Home.



THE paragon housekeeper, as innumerable authorities have agreed, is likely to be an uncomfortable person to live with. In the country town, where she usually depends upon her own hands for the cleanliness and order of her abode, she is almost always sharp-tongued and inhospitable, while her husband and children present a cowed and spiritless aspect. In a larger community, where she keeps from one to four servants—and, worse yet, when she has a housekeeper with servants under her—her sway becomes unendurable. Changes and rumors of changes fill the kitchen and dining hall with constant dismay. The whole family are made unhappy for a large part of the time. The mistress of the house announces that other women may put up with untidiness and poor cooking if they like, but she—never! The air of haughty superiority with which these proud spirits bear themselves in the presence of others who weekly confess that they keep their servants for years at a time is very hard for the latter to bear.

Now the attribute of heaven which is perhaps more dwelt upon by prophets and seers than any other is peace. Peace upon earth was the crowning good which the new dispensation had to offer. The beauties of peace have ever been, and never more than now, the inspiration of bards and the dream of statesmen. Clergymen preach peace, orators celebrate it, poets chant it. We are told that if women could vote there would be no more war, because women are all for peace. Peace and home are considered to be almost synonymous—and yet there is no foe to peace like your paragon housekeeper.

"Oh, if you want an ignominious peace," she sneers, "one that is bought at the expense of cleanliness and inefficiency, that is easy enough—but what peace is worth having at such a price?"

The golden mean is what mankind must ever seek after. To be economical enough, yet not too economical; to be hospitable, yet not too hospitable; to be severe, yet not too severe; to be bold, yet, like the knight in the "Faery Quene," not too bold—this is the complicated problem which daily confronts us all. To be a good housekeeper, yet not too good, is the woman's especial dilemma.

Servants, unfortunately, are seldom perfect—perhaps as seldom as mistresses. Sometimes the cook or waitress has kleptomania, or a weakness for stimulants, or an uncontrollably vicious temper, or a genius for dirt. In any one of these cases there is usually no alternative. She must go. But if one is found whose intentions are good, even if her efforts are not invariably crowned with success, let the mistress be patient. Train her; appeal to her ambition; awaken her pride; respect her good qualities; praise her when she does well. The household has been long torn up by the revolution in the kitchen, and sighs, as the human heart has done in all ages, for peace. This maid may be the bringer of the olive-branch.

Matthew Arnold somewhere remarks that "peace, as a river," comes not without "hearkening to the commandment." Peace has got to be earned—often by the hardest kind of work. It often "comes high," but it is worth many sacrifices. While we must be careful that we do not pay too much for it, yet still it must be remembered that "peace is the dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births." A great philosopher has called peace the "masterpiece of reason." A poet has put the same thought a little differently: "Peace rules the day where reason rules the mind." If the paragon housekeeper could really be made to understand that the perpetual unrest in which she is too apt to keep her household is a direct reflection upon her reason perhaps she might reform.

Small Change on the Cars.

T is pleasant to note, as an evidence of the approach of better times, that the multitudes of New-Yorkers who travel upon street-cars are inconveniently flush. They are frequently caught with "nothing less than a five-dollar bill," out of which it is an awkward matter for the conductor to extract five cents and make change, especially when the car happens to be crowded four times beyond its proper capacity, and whizzing around "Dead Men's Curves." The matter has got into the courts, and a recent ruling has established a law of precedent. A five-dollar bill was tendered to a street-car conductor in payment of a five-cent fare. The conductor refused to change the bill, nor would he permit the man who "flashed" it to ride free. In other words, the passenger was ejected. He brought an action for damages. The case went on until it reached the Court of Appeals, which finally decided against the five-dollar passenger. The court sustained the rule of the street-railway companies generally, which is that the conductor may furnish change to the amount of two dollars, and no more. This seems reasonable and just. It is the plain duty of any citizen intending to travel on a New-York street-car, particularly on the cable lines, to put on clothes that he is not afraid to spoil, make his will, straighten up his business affairs, carry his written name and address upon his person, and provide himself with small change.

We only hope that now some public-spirited citizen will make a test case of the stout lady carrying bundles, who may be seen any day at the ticket-windows of ferries and elevated railway stations, where, in the presence of a waiting line rapidly mounting up into the thousands, she calmly extracts a wallet from her dress pocket, disentangles a folded bank-note, pays her three-cent or five-cent fare, and scrupulously counts the change, which she picks up piece by piece with her gloved fingers, while remarking with disgust upon the rudeness and haste of the American public.

The Value of Luxury.

IT takes a great deal of time to outgrow the teachings of youth, and this refers to nations as well as to individuals; for however much the moralities of the early years may be violated, they are never forgotten. If there was one lesson above another driven and pounded and rammed into the youthful Uncle Sam it was the necessity of strict and absolute economy. He was in a constant fever of fear lest he should spend a cent beyond the legitimate demands of his humble appetite and the plain needs of his body. Maxims of economy haunted him in his dreams and attended him everywhere he went. He brought his children up on them. He fed them to his statesmen and had them delivered from every pulpit, until in the course of time his people rebelled. It was all very well just after the Revolution, when they had to do it, but when production became larger the appetites grew and the meek and lowly body wanted finer clothes, and the severe homes gradually got a few touches of comfort, and even of decoration and other vanities, and thus luxury began.

But our good people have yet to outgrow the old economical notions that were then ingrained into the American character. Economy, of course, is a virtue, even with the rich, but economy in the sense to which we here refer is the frowning upon expenditure; the criticising of those who can afford to spend and who do spend according to their means. The old idea is that every dollar spent unnecessarily is a dollar lost, but if we carry this to its legitimate conclusion we simply stop all progress and civilization. We would not need the railroads because people can walk. We would not require any newspapers because most persons can talk, and those who cannot talk can make signs. We would burn our houses, throw off our clothes and go back to those primitive days when it was not necessary to travel all the way to Oklahoma to get a divorce.

As a matter of fact, luxury is the very thing that makes good times. People multiply industry by multiplying their needs,



MR. WILLARD E. CASE.

and the rich man who builds a palace and fills it with beautiful things not only puts a great deal of money in circulation, but creates a demand for all the best achievements of the artists and the artisans. An elaborate entertainment scatters money where it is needed. A high standard of living and the acquisition of those useless luxuries which we call paintings and statuary and handsome books and fine tapestries send their useful influences in every direction, and the facilities of modern travel, luxurious beyond the wildest dreams of the most spendthrift of kings, simply educate the world and give work and stimulus to its toilers.

Mr. Inge, in his interesting essay on Roman society under the Caesars, says, "The luxury of a nation is the measure of its material civilization, as its literature is of its intellectual. The life of the wealthiest class supplies us with most of the materials which we want for comparing one civilization with another, and we commonly even estimate the prosperity of a nation by the amount of money which is consumed in unproductive expenditure." Every time there is a display of luxury in this country some sensational person arises to point out a parallel with ancient Rome; how its fall followed its lavishness, and how this republic is going to the dogs in the same spectacular fashion. It is hardly worth while to remind these ignoramus that the very worst thing our luxury has done is a mild May-day party compared with the indescribable excesses of the old Romans in the first century. Goethe said very truly that the Romans always remained parvenus, who did not know how to spend their wealth, and that their luxury was nothing but tasteless extravagance and vulgar ostentation. We have our parvenus, but even their feasts are artistic and, with the rarest exceptions, they are certainly moral, which was something the Roman parvenus never were. The fact of the whole matter is that this country can afford considerably more luxury than it attempts. If those old millionaires—there are many of them—who growl at expenditure would unlock a few of their dollars, which might just as well be in Siberia as in the vaults, so far as real usefulness to the public is concerned, the country would be a great deal better off. The useful dollar is the dollar in motion, and luxury keeps it going.



—THE English will miss Blondin almost as much as if he had been an African explorer or a victorious general. He was a popular favorite to the very end, and English editors appreciated his worth in a news sense by having him "written up" on every possible occasion. He did more than any other agency to advertise Niagara Falls abroad, and made it an immediate objective point for young Englishmen making a tour of this country. No other date in American history, not even excepting the Fourth of July, is so well fixed in English minds as that September day in 1860 when Blondin crossed the falls on a tight rope in the presence of the Prince of Wales.

—There is a suggestion that Judge McKenna is going into the Cabinet only until there is a vacancy on the Supreme bench.



MRS. JOSEPH MCKENNA.

touches the administration set so frequently that it can hardly be said to be different.

—Henry Miller's success with "Heartsease" is making him a popular subject for anecdotes, one of which, current a few weeks ago, concerns his advice to a friend sued for breach of promise. On learning that the fair plaintiff possessed a number of the defendant's letters, the actor is alleged to have said: "My boy, never kiss a lady through an ink-bottle." This story used to be credited to Boucicault, and even then there was a suspicion that Colley Cibber or some shining light of his time might have originated it.

—A book has just been published by the Messrs. Scribner which is likely to provoke a great deal of talk, even though on every page there is indubitable evidence that the work is a "fake"—that is, it is not what it is represented to be. The book, "America and Americans from French Point of View," is said to be written by a Frenchman who had traveled through this country and made notes and observations *en passant*. And, by the way, the writer finds us intolerably vulgar, very uncultivated, and altogether opposed to his taste. We do not mind this. Indeed, we rather like it. We would not have our civilization to the taste of a Frenchman; certainly we would not have it fashioned on his civilization. But we do object to this book. It is a plain and palpable "fake." It was surely not written by a Frenchman; it was surely not written by an American. We suspect, with a feeling of intuitive certainty, that the writer of this brisk and breezy book is a certain expatriated Englishman with a hyphenated name, who has been living in the neighborhood of New York for many years and spinning marvelous yarns in the newspapers as to the things he did at this court and that when serving as British minister. It is a new hat against a red apple that no Frenchman had anything to do with the book, which was doubtless inspired by Albert van Dam's interesting "fake," "An Englishman in Paris," a book which produced a medium-sized sensation when it was given to the world a few years ago

and the authorship attributed by the gossips of the day to Sir Richard Wallace. Of course it need not be said we do not for a moment think that the Messrs. Scribner have encouraged an imposition upon the public; quite the contrary. They have given us a very readable book and have whetted our appetite by this little ruse as to the authorship. The real author probably knows Westchester County and Park Row in these days better than any other parts of the world.



MRS. JOHN SHERMAN.

ble change in Mrs. Sherman's mode of life.

—Speaking of Mr. Coningsby Disraeli, the *Saturday Review* says: "He has a great name, or rather two great names, and they are too much for his mental equilibrium. His ambitions are like his names, grandiose, but his powers, by some unhappy irony of fate, are merely mediocre. He finds the Garrick Club a more comforting, a more enthusiastic, 'milieu' than the House of Commons. But still the House, for his name's sake, listens to him with patient inattention." Some of the other English papers speak with less considerate sarcasm of this very bumptious fellow, who appears to have all of the arrogant assumptions of his picturesque uncle, with very little, if any, of his ability.

—If Senator Harris could have lived two years longer he would have passed just half a century in public life. It is forty years since he was elected Governor of Tennessee, and he had then been for years a striking figure in the South. No one knows how old he was. His physical ruggedness so matched his mental force that he was sound and strong at an age when most men of active life have begun to break up. The North never knew Senator Harris as well as it should have known him. He had fierce qualities of mind that were characteristic of the South's more radical leaders of the time just before the war: he was bold, aggressive, and uncompromising, he loved and hated with equal intensity, and he was strong in everything he did. He was a unique survival among the South's public men, and he lagged on the stage, not superfluous, but an old-timer in a changed order of things.

—The publication of Bryan's book, "The First Battle," is likely, whatever it does for the author, to create a new interest in the poems of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, for the verses she contributed by way of a finishing touch to the volume have been quoted more widely than any other of its contents. Mrs. Wilcox's muse has grown somewhat fat and lazy of recent years, and disinclined for poems of passion, all because of too much leisure and too many of the luxuries of life. She is still, however, the priestess and patroness of the young maidens who affect the kind of verses that first made her famous. Mrs. Wilcox is probably as well to-do financially as a poetess ever becomes, and with the stimulus of poverty lacking, her verses have grown more conventional. Personally she is entirely charming and has a good nature which defies any assault whatever upon her time, her patience, or even her sense of humor, and that proper appreciation of herself characteristic of the little genius.

—Much interest is being taken in the success abroad of a young California singer who has adopted the stage-name of Mademoiselle Franciscia. At Madame Marchesi's exhibition, some weeks ago, she, more than any other of that celebrated teacher's pupils, won the praise of the Paris press, and brief mention of the fact was made in a New York journal. London papers just at hand say that Mademoiselle Franciscia recently appeared at a Monte Carlo concert and sang an aria from "Hamlet" so charmingly that "many of the audience compared her voice with that of Melba." California is the Italy of America for the voice, and this young singer may prove a successor of Sybil Sanderson.

—The original "Francis" of the *Troy Times* is John M. Francis, the founder, and for forty years past the editor, of that journalistic pillar of Republicanism in the State of New York. Associated with him in the proprietorship and direction of the *Times* is his son, Charles S. Francis, whose portrait appears herewith. The son is a stalwart young man in athletics, as well as in politics and newspaperdom. At Cornell University, where he was graduated in the later 'seventies, he was the champion single-sculler; and the reputation as an oarsman which he won on the waters of Cayuga Lake has stayed with him by the upper Hudson. Last summer he accompanied the Cornell crew to England and "rooted" for them indefatigably at Henley. Loyal, enthusiastic "rooting" is always commendable, and never more so than when it is on the unsuccessful side. The

Troy Times was the staunch ally of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* in advocating the appointment of Mr. Chauncey M. Depew as ambassador to the Court of St. James's.

—The woman of the hour in London is Miss Mary Kingsley, whose book of travels in West Africa has increased the popular interest that was taken in her hazardous trip when she made it, a year ago. Almost at a bound she has surpassed the fame of her celebrated uncle, Canon Kingsley, as a traveler, while she has at the same time dimmed the lustre of all other feminine achievements of the year in "nerve" and daring and given the world a very creditable book. Miss Kingsley was studying botany and geology in a humdrum way when the desire seized her to extend those studies in Africa, and she made a first experimental trip to the edge of the Dark Continent in 1893.

—Frederic R. Coulter was made much of in Chicago when he went out there on Washington's birthday to deliver an address on arbitration under the auspices of the Union League Club. He impressed people as a "not very large gentleman, with flowing side-whiskers," to quote one account of him, and he appeared to be bubbling over with witty remarks, which he accompanied with an infectious laugh. The distinguished lawyer has long been held in high appreciation in the lake city, and his address was the oratorical feature of the winter there.

—Ex-Governor and "ex-Boss" Shepard has become pretty well Mexicanized by his long residence in the sister republic, but he went there too late in life to get thoroughly "up" in the language. His Spanish, especially when he is in a hurry, is usually well larded with English words, as "*Porque* don't you move the *mesa* there?" for "Why don't you move the table?" The man who found Washington mud and left it asphalt is highly popular among all who come in contact with him in Mexico, most of all with the little colony of Americans whom he has planted among his silver-mines.

—Mr. W. E. Barrett sits in the national House of Representatives from Boston. He is a pushing young politician, and cherishes an ambition to be speaker of the House. Incidentally, he wants to be Governor of Massachusetts also. He has been speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. Mr. Barrett is the man who wanted to impeach Ambassador Bayard for his utterances in England some time ago. He runs two newspapers in Boston, the *Advertiser* and *Record*, and is a veritable buzz-saw in Bay State politics. The other day he approached Speaker Reed's desk, and getting the speaker's attention, said, in a confidential tone: "I think you

are an efficient speaker, and there is no reason why you should not be re-elected, so I have discouraged my friends who have asked me to stand against you." Mr. Reed at first did not know whether to take the Congressman seriously or not, but after sizing Mr. Barrett up he thanked him and smiled with a serene blandness in which lurked no suspicion of amusement.

—Justice William E. Werner, of the New York Supreme Court, Seventh District, is one of the youngest and at the same time one of the most influential members of the Bench in the State. He was born in Buffalo in 1855, received his early education in the public schools of that city, and in 1877 went to Rochester to study law in the office of William H. Bowman. He was appointed clerk of the municipal court, and in 1880 was admitted to the Bar. In 1884 he was elected special county judge by the largest majority ever given to a candidate in Monroe County up to that time, and three years later he was re-elected to the office without opposition. On the death of Judge John S. Morgan, in 1889, Judge Werner was advanced by the choice of the people to the office of county judge, and for five years he bore its responsibilities so creditably, and evinced such "mistrakable talent for judicial work, that in 1894 he was no

ted for justice of the Supreme Court of this district by b. a. the Republican and Democratic conventions, and was elected. He entered on the duties of his office January 1st, 1895. Judge Werner's career as justice of the Supreme Court has already justified the high expectations raised by the qualities which placed him in that position of public trust. His recent addresses to the grand juries of Monroe and Livingston counties have evoked words of highest praise from the press throughout the State. In politics Justice Werner is a Republican, and before his elevation to the Supreme Court bench he was prominent in the State and national leagues of Republican clubs. He enjoys especial popularity with the German-American element of central and western New York, and if he enters the field—as his friends are urging him to do—as a candidate for a seat on the Court of Appeals bench, to succeed Justice Andrews, who retires next year by reason of age limit, he will probably have the backing of German-Americans throughout the State.

—Dr. Harold C. Ernst's statement that consumption is not inherited, and that "practically every case of the disease is due to infection," has created great interest in Boston, where Dr. Ernst has almost as much celebrity now as a bacteriologist as he had twenty years ago as ball-player. The other member of the famous college "battery," "Jim" Tyng, is now a renowned golf-player, one of the crack members of the Morristown Golf Club, and well known in Wall Street.



MR. CHARLES S. FRANCIS.



JUSTICE WILLIAM E. WERNER.



MINNIE MADDERN FISKE AS "TESS."

A SCENE FROM LORIMER STODDARD'S DRAMATIZATION OF "TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES."
Photograph by Byron.

HENRY HIRSCHFIELD, COLUMBIA '96.



MISS ROBINSON.

The Theatres.

Two notable stage productions have attracted the public attention lately. One is Mr. Lorimer Stoddard's skillful dramatization of Hardy's novel, "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," and the other, Mr. J. I. C. Clarke's admirable adaptation of François Coppée's play, "Les Jacobites," called here "Bonnie Prince Charlie." Mrs. Fiske, who has no equal on our stage as an exponent of the so-called natural style of acting, but which is really the only real acting, is seen at her best as Hardy's heroine. Her work in the third act, when she kills the man who had wronged her, was more than an artistic treat; it were impossible to conceive of a finer or more intelligent performance, and the triumph she has met with is her just due. Miss Julia Marlowe, for some reason, has never been particularly successful in New York, possibly because she has insisted on playing Shakespeare. However, she has made a distinct impression as the beggar's daughter in Coppée's delightful and picturesque play, and the piece will probably prove one of the most remunerative in her répertoire. The Columbia College boys have been pleasing themselves and their friends here and in Brooklyn, lately, with a very acceptable production of a burlesque on "Cleopatra," and Mr. Henry Hirschfield, a handsome young fellow of the class of '96, has broken more than one youthful heart as the Emperor of Rome. A new portrait of Effie Shannon, W. H. Crane's clever leading lady, and of Miss Robinson, of the new Sardou play, are also pictured here this week. The death of Alexander Salvini has brought into the stellar field another young romantic actor, Paul Cazeneuve. He made his début here recently in the Salvini répertoire, with promise of much success.



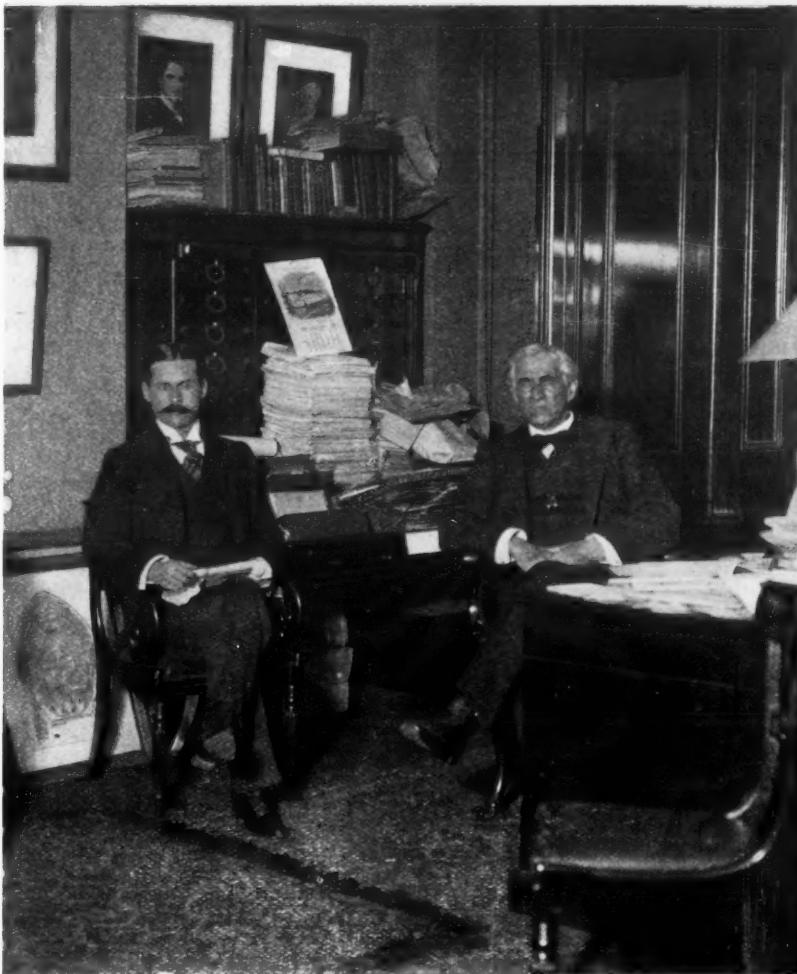
MISS EFFIE SHANNON.



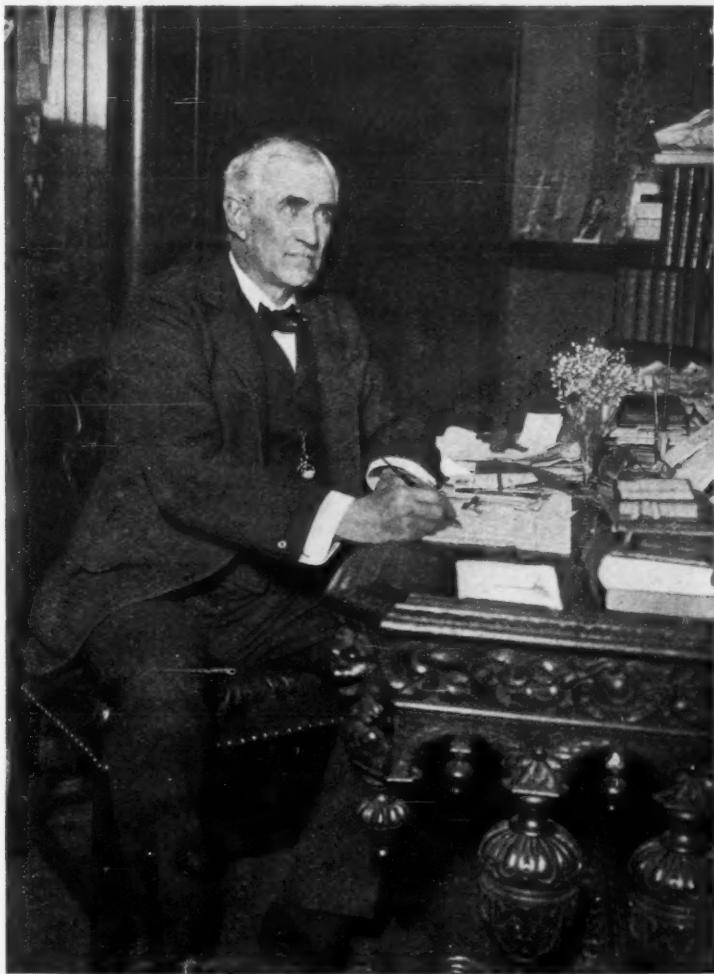
PAUL CAZENEUVE.

JULIA MARLOWE IN HER NEW PLAY, "FOR BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE."
Photograph by Byron.

THE THEATRES.



AMBASSADOR BAYARD AND SECRETARY CARTER AT THE AMERICAN EMBASSY, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON.



AMBASSADOR BAYARD IN HIS DEN AT EATON SQUARE.

Mr. Bayard.



MRS. BAYARD'S PET.

HIS country has been fortunate in the men selected to represent us at the Court of St. James's Palace. To be sure no man who has served in this capacity has escaped criticism. Indeed, it is likely that the men who have been the most efficient have at the same time been most abused by a certain section of their fellow-countrymen. There is always a large colony of Americans in London, and all who

in the main business which took him to England. But he has also been most roundly abused, and had the distinction of receiving a rebuke from the House of Representatives, that body holding that in a lecture before a college he had been indiscreet in his criticism of some aspects of American life. This rebuke did not hurt Mr. Bayard, either at home or abroad. When he returns home, a few months hence, he will bring with him a greater name than he took away with him four years ago; and in England he will be long remembered as a great ambassador, a man who performed all of his duties with grace and skill, a minister who really accomplished fine things in the field of diplomacy. The treaty that Mr. Bayard assisted in negotiating was the greatest deed of American diplomacy since the days of Dr. Franklin. To be sure this treaty has not yet been ratified, but there can be no doubt whatever that this one, or another very similar in its nature, will be ratified before the century is much older.

There has long been a desire in England to let Mr. Bayard

know how sincere was the English admiration of him, and how genuine the appreciation of his friendly efforts to strengthen the bonds of amity between the two countries. This desire has found expression in various ways. No American ever received such great social attentions, and none other, it may be said, has had the same capacity to accept such attentions without a hint of affection. An ill-advised newspaper in London proposed to raise a popular subscription and buy a present for Mr. Bayard as an evidence of English admiration. So soon as he could do so with propriety, Mr. Bayard asked that these efforts be discontinued, and they were. But there could be no impropriety in his accepting a dinner at the Mansion House, at which assembled all the greatest men in England, including the prime minister and the chief officers of state, to do honor to this splendid American.

Through the kindness of Mr. Bayard we are able to present pictures made in his London home and in the embassy.

J. G. S.



MR. AND MRS. BAYARD AT HOME.

THE RETIRING AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO ENGLAND.

have had acquaintance with it are aware that the colony is made up of very diverse and very curious elements. Many of the Americans living in London are splendid types of men and women; from these the Americans range through the whole scale until that is finished by as frank and unscrupulous adventurers as the world ever saw. Now the American minister is officially, in a certain sense, and socially quite the head of this colony. With the shady characters in the colony the minister is never on good terms. And it is from these that we at home have heard that Mr. Lowell, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Lincoln, and Mr. Bayard were un-American and giving themselves airs. Again, there is a certain section of the American press which decries any manifestation of gentility, and our ministers in England have been roundly abused merely because they lived up to the conventionalities of their environment and did what was expected of them.

When Mr. Lowell was in England our Irish-American friends were particularly bitter in their condemnation of him. They seemed to think that an American minister, to do his full duty must be more Fenian than anything else. And yet Mr. Lowell was one of the gentlest men of his age, and his Americanism was as genuine and robust as possible. And so, also, we hear from time to time that Mr. Bayard has gone too far in his expressions of friendly feeling for Great Britain. But, as a matter of fact, the chief reason that civilized nations keep representatives in foreign countries is for the purpose of preserving friendly relations. If a minister do not make the ties stronger between his own country and the one in which he is living, then his mission, if not a failure, is at least something less than a success.

Now, Mr. Bayard has been most fortunate in his efforts

MOUNTAINEERS.

BY J. H. CONNELLY.

III.

ALMIRA's future haunted Joe Dibney constantly. He came and went, to all outward seeming the same man he used to be, but was, in reality, a changed being—one who observed, cogitated, and schemed. Being unaccustomed to such activities, he kept his mental balance among them badly. Not even that comforting after-thought which finds the wrong in things we wished to do and could not, making of shame conscience a consolation, had suggested to him an element of fraud in his design for getting the better of the insurance company. Yet he was really, at heart, a very honest man, and his present temporary perverseness was solely due to an excess of affection which dwarfed all other considerations and gave a false focus to his mental sight.

One day, when he came home, Almira's eyes were red and he believed she had been crying, though she denied it. Having had no experience with lachrymose women, he overrated the importance of tears. Her mother was not one of the weeping kind. Nobody ever heard her even utter a complaint against her lot in life, though it was, in some respects, what many would have deemed a pretty hard one, and she heartily scorned the idea that this world is "a vale of tears." "Grin and bear it," "Grit your teeth and take a fresh hold," and "All hurts get well in time," were favorite sayings of hers. So, when her daughter cried—or, at least, when he thought she did—Joe concluded the situation must be, from the girl's point of view, becoming desperate. The time had come for him to end her suspense.

A morning or two later she saw him chaining Tige securely by the cabin-door, and, in a little surprise, said, questioning, "I thought you said you were going to get a bear to-day?"

"So I be. But I don't mean, this early in the season, when there's no necessity for it, to waste a good dog on a measly old b'ar. It'd be just like him to jump in for a fight, for fun, 'thout any occasion, an' as I know where the b'ar is holed, an' don't want him for trackin', I won't be bothered with him."

The reasons given seemed plausible enough to the girl, but by no means convincing to Tige, who whined and even howled his protests against being left behind. Bidding her have dinner ready early, daddy kissed his daughter affectionately, as he always did when going away for the day, and strode off on a blind trail into the forest.

The gloom of the short, cold day deepened into night and daddy was still absent. As nightfall came on, the leaden sky dropped low, as if to meet the murk crawling up from the valley, and the wind-tossed pines complained to the rocks that a storm was coming. Almira became uneasy about her father, though scarcely anxious as yet. But when bed-time had come and he had not yet returned, she grew fearful that some accident had befallen him, and inaction, in suspense, was unbearable. A long time she stood in the thick darkness outside the door, shivering with nervous dread more than cold, listening in vain for the cheery whistle by which he was wont to announce from afar his home-coming at night. But the only sounds she heard were the mournful whines of the dog, the soughing of the winds, and the mysterious voices of the pines that, as if they had some awful secret in keeping, whispered constantly to each other, "Hush! hush!"

Then she set some light-wood knots ablaze in a long-handled pan, hung over her shoulder a bag containing a further supply of them, and, with Tige as guide, started out fearlessly to seek her father through the mountain solitudes. The intelligent dog quickly took his master's trail and, with his nose to the ground, trotted rapidly ahead, now and then stopping and waiting, though with evident impatience, for the girl to overtake him. Holding the "flare" above the level of her eyes, she followed at a pace that would have been impossible to one unused to mountain-climbing, yet progress was slow, for the way was very rough. The searchers were fully two miles from the cabin when the rain—threatened since dark and brought at last by the midnight shift of wind—descended in such a violent down-pour as washed away the scent of the trail and rendered further endeavors, for this night at least, hopeless.

"Find him, Tige, find him; good dog," the girl urged, desperately, though knowing well enough that what she demanded was no longer possible for her willing helper. The poor brute, seeming to intelligently share her anxiety and excited by her voice, plunged frenziedly through the thickets and among the rocks, seeking the lost trail, until a sense of the utter uselessness of his efforts seemed to suddenly overwhelm him, and stopping short, with his nose high in air, he vented his feelings in a long, lugubrious howl. Then Almira's nerves at last gave way, for she had often heard that such a howl was "a sign of death," and leaning against a tree, with the sleety rain fast drowning out the flare at her feet, she wept bitterly.

Before returning home she carried the alarm to her nearest neighbors—a family whose cabin was little more than a mile from her home—and the next forenoon a large searching party of men, starting from where Tige lost the trail, systematically and skillfully hunted for traces of the missing man, his daughter accompanying them in their quest.

Late in the afternoon Joe Dibney's hat was found near the "Bottomless Pit."

The place bearing that sinister name was a "sink-hole," such as are common in limestone formations, the centre of a triangular depression between three tall, thickly-wooded knobs in the lower range of the mountains. To a depth of about fifty feet it was simply a huge funnel, over a hundred feet in diameter at the top. Such pits are caused by the sinking of the roof of some vast subterranean cavern, which carries the surface down with it, and are generally solid at bottom. Often trees are seen growing in them, and sometimes they are basins holding deep pools of water after heavy rains. But in this one the funnel sloped down regularly on all sides to the mouth of an almost circular shaft of unknown depth. Nobody had ever deemed it worth while to risk his life in exploration of that cavity, but it was popularly affirmed "bottomless." Huge rocks rolled into it had

been heard bounding from side to side against its vertical walls, the sounds growing gradually fainter until they died away.

Joe's hat lay half-way down the funnel's slope. No footprints could be detected on the treacherous incline or any marks of a struggle, but it was argued that he might have tripped at the brink and rolled down, making only such light impressions on the surface as the rain could very easily have effaced.

Sam Jarrett, who was, of course, one of the most active searchers, volunteered to descend the shaft as far as he could by means of the long rope they had brought among the equipments their experience prescribed. Finding Joe alive down there was not to be thought of, but some trace of him might be discovered. They fastened the rope about Sam's waist, lowered him to the mouth of the "pit," and held him there while he drove deep into the ground a couple of stout stakes made from saplings. Then he balanced himself against the stakes while he attached to them the end of the rope thrown down by his friends. At its lower end he formed a loop in which he might put his foot and rest himself when he had descended to it, if there he found no bottom within reach. As all the descent and return would have to be effected by his own skill and strength in climbing, human aid being impossible after he had once gone over the brink of that yawning chasm, the provision was little enough.

Almira's apprehension for her lover turned her face white and seemed to chill her heart, but she uttered no word to restrain him. She came of courageous blood; of a hardy race to whom danger was a natural and familiar element of existence, and would not have hesitated to attempt herself what Sam was about to do. But when he was ready to start down she turned her head away. Lightly, cheerily, he waved his hand and said "Good-bye" to his comrades as he lowered himself from sight, and they wished him "Good luck"; but the girl's lips were stiff and her throat dry. She could only shut her eyes and pray, as she had never prayed before: "Lord, save Sam!"

It seemed an age until he reappeared. A simultaneous burst of half-suppressed exclamations from the waiting men, followed by a death-like stillness, told the anxious tension of their nerves. He came up very slowly, and when his face could be seen it was apparent that he was almost exhausted. The hardest part of his task was yet to be accomplished, passing the edge of the pit and reaching the stakes; but he did it, inch by inch, while his friends watched him in silence, fearing lest a word of encouragement, or any sound, might startle him and for an instant weaken his hold upon the rope. When his hand touched the stakes he drew himself above them and for some minutes lay still against their support, as if in a faint. Almira, unable to bear any longer the strain of her anxiety with outward semblance of composure, sank down in a little heap, her shawl drawn close over her head, and cried softly, unnoticed by any one. Finally, Sam recovered himself sufficiently to sit up and take a little more secure position. Then some one called to him the question: "Did you find him?"

"No; nor no sign of him."

"Did you get to the bottom?"

"Not by a million feet, I reckon. I dropped a stone I took along in my pocket, and it's falling yet, for all I know."

One of the men raveled his stocking, tied an end of the strong woolen yarn to a stone, and threw it down to Sam, who made it fast to the rope. Then they pulled up successively the yarn, the rope, and Sam.

By a consensus of opinion among the searchers it was determined that further seeking would be useless, as Joe Dibney was, beyond a doubt, "at the bottom of the Bottomless Pit, if it had any bottom,"—quite out of the world of causes and effects.

IV.

ALMIRA would have no company back to the desolate cabin on the mountain-side, not even that of her tenderly sympathetic lover. He wanted to go along and endeavor to console her, but she said: "No, Sam. Leave me face it all alone. Maybe I'll get over it the sooner if I take all the hurt of it at once. And maybe he'll come back to me, as mother did to him. I know he will if he can. Come up in a few days an' I'll be glad to see you, but not now."

The young man was frank enough to confess, long afterward, that the mean thought crawled into his mind, just then, of Joe's disappearance being a good thing for him, since it removed the only obstacle in the way of his marriage, but he was quite sincere in protesting his being "derned 'shamed of it the next minute."

The day following the fruitless search, a couple of neighbors' wives visited Almira, to condole with her, and were surprised, even rather scandalized, to find her composed and almost cheerful; "not real lively," as one of them said, "but right peart." And when they remarked that she "seemed to be taking it pretty easy," her reply was:

"Because I don't believe daddy's in the Bottomless Pit at all. I've a notion he's just gone away somewhere, an' I'll come back when he gets good 'n ready. Why do I think so? Well, there's the dog. The more I think of it, the more it don't stand to reason he wouldn't have taken Tige with him if he had really been goin' for a bear. Then, his boots. The one thing he was careful about was, he wouldn't scuffle out his best boots on the rocks in common use, an' he's wore them. An' his 'coon-skin cap is missin'. He wore an old slouch when he went away, an' that they found, but I believe he had his 'coon-skin cap in his pocket."

"But why would he go off in that sort of way?"

Almira blushed, hesitated, and stammered that she "couldn't say," which was quite true; but if she had said she did not know, that would not have been true. Intuitively she knew the loving intent in the dear old man's self-sacrifice, but she could not have confided to those inquisitive gossips the story of her love and her father's desire to force her to a marriage she ardently desired, yet, from sense of duty, stubbornly refused. She was much mistaken, however, if she imagined they knew nothing about Sam. As they talked it over, on their way home,

the charitable construction they, woman-like, put upon her attitude was: "She just pretends to think he's alive somewhere, so's it won't look so heartless for her to rush right off an' marry Sam Jarrett just as soon as the coast is clear. That's what she'll be doin', the first thing you know."

Sam did not find himself encouraged to so believe. In fact, when he ventured a gentle hint to Almira that the lonely cabin was no longer the best place for her, and that she had better give him the right to care for and protect her, she told him plainly she would never marry until her father returned.

"But, great Suz, 'Miry!' he protested, "s'pos'n you're wrong about his just bein' gone for a while, an' he never comes back?"

"I'd be right sorry, Sam, for him, an' for you, an'—well, for myself, too. But I don't fear anythin' of the sort. I know daddy as well as I do myself. His notion was that if I thought him dead we'd marry, after a spell, an' if we would he'd be sure to know of it, somehow; an' then he'd stay away forever, for fear I'd feel bad over not keepin' my promise to mother. But when he finds out, after a while, as he will, that it's no use tryin' to drive me, nor trick me, he'll think of how lonesome I am here an' I'll come back to me. Oh, I can read daddy's heart like you can print in a book."

"If he stays away a good while and then comes back, it'll show he can take care of himself, without you, won't it?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, won't you change your mind then and come to me?"

"I don't know—maybe. We'll see."

And that was the most encouraging approximation to a promise that he could draw from her.

So Almira and Tige went on living by themselves in the old cabin, as they best could. Their few wants were amply provided for, no one molested or made them afraid, and but for their loneliness and ever-present consciousness of loss, they might have been happy. Sam was a frequent visitor—always in the day-time no', however—and generally brought with him some game, a wild turkey, raccoon, bunch of squirrels, or some other forest spoil. Bacon, flour, and corn-meal she had enough of. Surely her larder was fit for a king—if a mountaineer. But one thing gave her a little concern. That was the smallness of her wood-pile. Winter had already set in, and she knew by experience how very cold it was, away up there, where the winds were always blowing. She could handle an axe, but not very well, and in one winter her big fire-place would devour more fuel than she could cut in a year. "I wonder," she said to herself, "if I shall have to marry Sam to keep from freezing."

But one morning a score of sturdy young mountaineers, Sam's friends, with him as their leader, presented themselves and their axes before the cabin. "We've come to get up a wood-pile for you, Miss Dibney," they said, and went to work. When they stopped, the wood-pile was larger than the cabin. The service was in itself an important one, but even more grateful to the girl's heart was the thoughtful, neighborly kindness it demonstrated—the principal credit for which she, of course, accorded to Sam. And that night, when she thought it all over, after she had gone to bed, a feeling of self-reproach overcame her, and, bursting into tears, she exclaimed: "I don't deserve it—treating him as mean as I do—an' if daddy don't come home by spring—"

What the alternative would be she did not even confide to Tige, who, at the sound of her voice, had risen from before the fire and come to look inquiringly at her.

A couple of mornings later, when Almira opened the door she looked out upon a world altogether white. Snow had fallen heavily during the night, and light flakes were still dancing and sparkling in the frosty air. Before her, at the threshold, lay some bulky form, over which the snow had drifted into a great mound that, to her apprehensive sight, looked as if it contained the body of a man. With a wild cry of "Oh, daddy!" she fell upon her knees and thrust her hands into the mound, clutching what lay beneath; then, after a moment of motionless surprise, fell back in a sitting posture on the floor, crying and laughing together hysterically. The object that had occasioned her such alarm was simply the carcass of a fine buck.

Naturally, she took it for granted, at the time, that Sam had left the deer, but when she saw him again he denied knowing anything about it. Then she recalled that Tige had been very uneasy some time in the night upon which the venison was left, sniffing and pawing at the door, whining and trying to get out. She supposed, at the time, that he scented a bear, or some other wild animal, prowling about the cabin, and, not wishing to let him take the chances of a needless fight with an unknown antagonist, kept him in. Now, however, the truth flashed upon her.

"Oh, Sam!" she cried, "it was daddy. An' Tige knew he was there, while I, his daughter, had no sense of it. But he's still alive an' in the mountains; that's some comfort; an' he'll come again; an' when he does we'll both know it, won't we, Tige?" Yes, indeed, we will, you dear, good, sensible old doggy."

"He must have come before the snow fell," remarked Sam.

"Of course; or we could follow his tracks. But, you mark my words, Sam Jarrett, he's somewhere near here, an' has been all this time; an' if he were any other man than my daddy I'd have no patience with his aggravatin' goin' on."

"I wish you cared for me a quarter as much as you do for him," complained the young man, moodily.

"I do, Sam; an' you know it. But I can't help caring for daddy. An' I don't see why you want to hurt my feelings."

"I didn't mean to, 'Miry; but Lord knows this eternal waitin' all my life hurts mine."

"It shall not be for all your life," answered the girl, with sudden resolve. "If daddy don't come back by the time the dogwoods flower I'll marry you then."

"And if we find him sooner?" asked the impatient lover, clasping her in his arms.

"Maybe we won't wait for the dogwoods."

THE "WEARING OF THE GREEN."

He laid his blackened pipe aside,
A moisture dimmed his eye
And made its blue as soft a hue
As April's misty sky.
The morning frost was on his beard
The winds of March were keen.
But all his heart was warmed to hear
The "Wearing of the Green."

His Mary's old and feeble now,
Her scanty locks are white;
She dozes by the fire all day
And grumbles half the night.
But they are wedded lovers yet,
And on each other lean,
And still she hums, in quavering tones,
The "Wearing of the Green."

The burden of his years of toil
Was lifted from his back;
His furrowed cheek was smooth and young,
His grizzled hair was black.
The silken flags and snowy plumes—
They passed him all unseen;
He walked again where first he sung
The "Wearing of the Green."

Come sun or shadow, once a year
The bands are sure to play
The good old tune, the dear old tune,
Upon Saint Patrick's Day.
'Tis like a breath from bog and hill,
Though oceans roll between;
'Tis sweet to every exile's ear—
The "Wearing of the Green"!

The mossy rocks and rugged glens
Sent back his voice again,
And Mary, in her cabin door,
Took up the sad refrain.
She had a shamrock in her breast,
The kerchief's fold between,
And redder lips have never trilled
The "Wearing of the Green."

MINNA IRVING.



Cuban Paper Currency.

WHEN my bootblack handed me for change a bit of paper resembling a small-size revenue-stamp, and told me it was money, the Spaniard at my side laughed outright, with the significant remark that it was another one of the changes made since my visit last year.

The story of this money is interesting. At the time the Spaniards were holding meetings denouncing our government and passing resolutions not to buy our goods their paper money was being printed. In due time it was put in circulation, supported by the captain-general's decree ordering it to be taken as gold in payment of all bills except those owed to the government. Any one refusing to so receive it was to be imprisoned. Then it was paid out to the soldiers and government employes, who lost no time in turning it over to the various shop-keepers and merchants. Imagine the effect on the patriotic Spaniards, who but a few months before had denounced the United States and its products, now given a little bit of square paper in exchange for their goods, with the startling information printed in the lower margin that that bit of paper came from New York. Imagine the effect upon the two hundred thousand soldiers and their officers, who but a few months ago were confident of their ability to land in Florida, march on to Washington, and capture New York, when the millions of little printed bits of paper, bearing the American Bank Note Company's imprint, were given them for money. "What! those American devils making our money!" was the exclamation of surprise on every hand.

Now Spanish officers no longer talk of invading the United States. They have awakened to the fact that generally we have a very well organized police force, which, with whatever faults they may have, are capable of putting any disorderly crowd of foreigners that might attempt to land, into jail at once. Probably this money printed in the United States has had the most to do with bringing the Spaniard to his senses.

Weyler's attempt to force the paper currency into circulation at its face value in gold has been as unsuccessful as his attempts to do many other things. This flat money cannot be used in Spain, and although the police may be empowered to arrest any one in Cuba refusing to exchange their goods or services for bits

of paper printed in the United States, the merchant may raise the price of his goods and the laborer the price of his hire.

For my own immediate requirements I have found the American Bank Note Company's engraved circulars to answer very well indeed. At a broker's office I exchanged a Spanish gold-piece, which cost me in Key West four dollars and seventy-five cents, and received seven dollars and twenty-five cents in the little bits of paper. It cost me two dollars and fifty cents for a case to carry them in, and when I had emptied my case in making purchases about town I went back to the broker and got a fresh supply of five-cent pieces in paper. I related my scheme to a party of recent arrivals. At the end of the day they came and thanked me for "putting them on to a good thing," they having saved about two dollars each in their day's expenses by the use of the paper. I saw one man step up to the desk to pay his bill, and, pulling out a package of five-cent bills as thick as several packs of cards, demanded to know how many were wanted. A merchant, who smiled upon me as I came into his store to make a purchase, turned away with an expression of disgust as he took the dozen little bits of paper I handed him and threw them into his till.

THOMAS R. DAWLEY, JR.

Snow Blockades in the Northwest.

NOT since the memorable winter of 1880-81 has the Northwest experienced so many snow blockades as during the winter just ending. Throughout North and South Dakota, Montana, and other States in that portion of the country, snow has fallen at

frequent intervals since early in November, and in many localities railroad traffic has been suspended for weeks at a time.

In South Dakota the snow averages from two feet deep on the level in the southern part of the State to six feet in the northern portion. High winds accompanied nearly every storm and drifted the snow in vast heaps at exposed points along the various railroad lines. Drifts ten and even fifteen feet deep are nothing unusual.

Many years ago the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad Company purchased two rotary snow-plows in anticipation of an old-time winter, but has had no occasion to utilize them until this winter, when they have been in constant use. The clearing of tracks with these monster plows is an inspiring sight.



ROTARY RAILWAY SNOW-PLOW.



PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND PRESIDENT-ELECT MCKINLEY, WITH SENATE COMMITTEE, LEAVING WHITE HOUSE FOR CAPITOL—DETECTIVES BESIDE THE CARRIAGE.



THE PROCESSION—TROOP A, OF CLEVELAND, OHIO, PASSING TREASURY-BUILDING STAND.



TURNING INTO PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE—FALL OF NEAR WHEELER OF PRESIDENTIAL CARRIAGE.



APPROACHING THE CAPITOL.



ARRIVAL AT THE CAPITOL.



MOUNTING THE STEPS AT THE CAPITOL—PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND SENATOR MITCHELL LEADING, PRESIDENT AND SENATOR SHERMAN FOLLOWING.



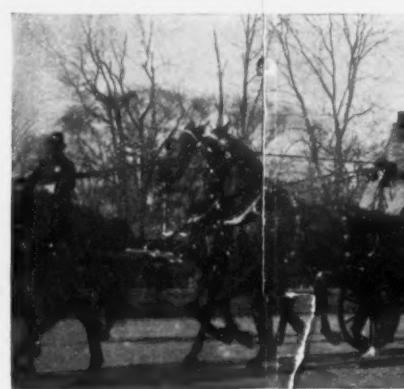
Chairman Bell. Secretary Porter. Mrs. McKinley. Mrs. McKinley, Sr. MAJOR MCKINLEY'S WIFE AND MOTHER IN PLACE TO HEAR THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.



THE PRESIDENT AND PRESIDENT-ELECT MOUNTING THE STEPS TO THE SENATE CHAMBER.



JUDGES OF THE SUPREME COURT GOING TO THE PORTICO STAND.



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND VICE-PRESIDENT C. C. FAIRBANKS ON THEIR WAY TO THE WHITE HOUSE.

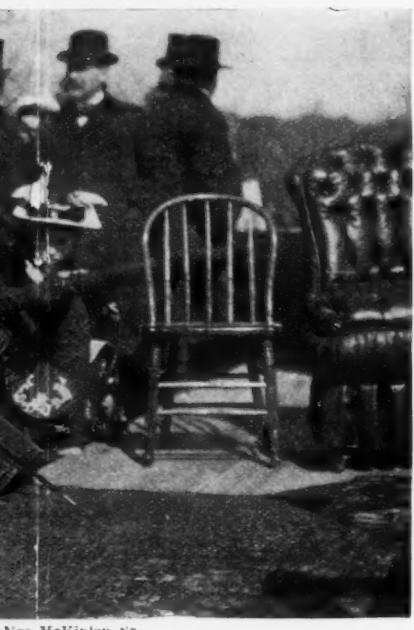
INAUGURATION OF WILLIAM MCKINLEY

THE WHOLE STORY OF THE INAUGURATION CEREMONIES IS TOLD BY THIS SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS MORE GRAPHICALLY AND RECENTLY.

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L LEADING, PRESIDENT-ELECT MCKINLEY



Mrs. McKinley, Sr.
INAUGURAL ADDRESS.



SENATE CHAMBER.



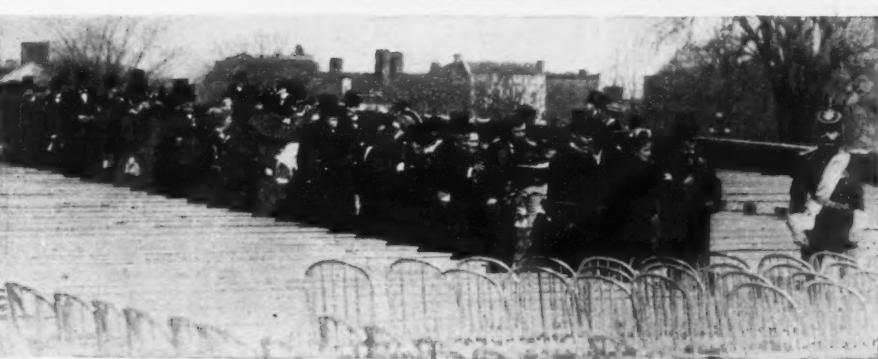
AND ex-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND RETURNING
TO WHITE HOUSE.



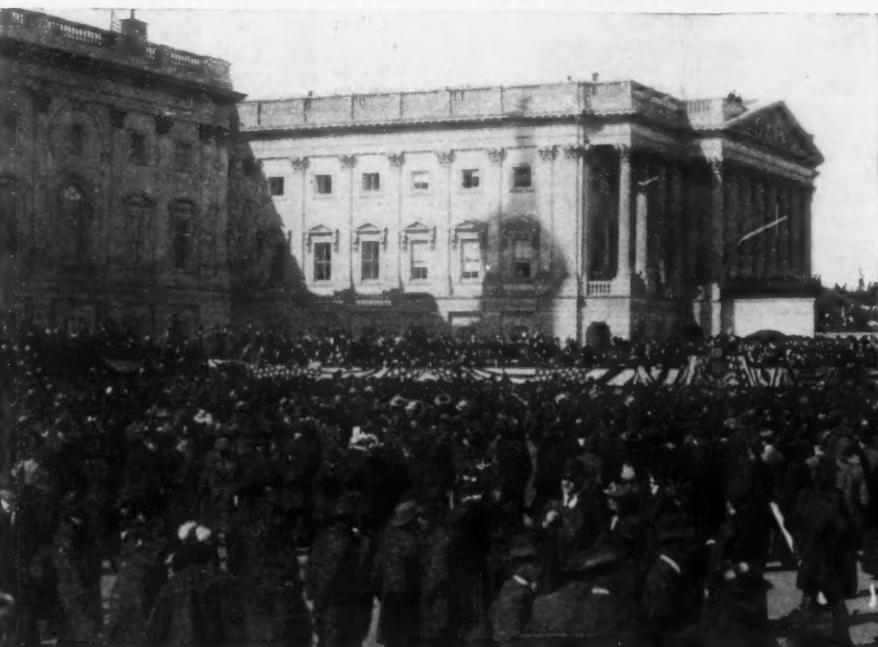
PRESIDENT AND PRESIDENT-ELECT LEAVING THE SENATE CHAMBER FOR THE PORTICO WHERE THE OATH OF OFFICE WAS ADMINISTERED
AND ADDRESS MADE.



THE NEW PRESIDENT KISSING THE BIBLE AFTER TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE.



THE MCKINLEY PARTY WALKING TO SEATS IN THE PORTICO STAND.



GENERAL VIEW OF CROWD LISTENING TO PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S SPEECH.



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY READING HIS SPEECH.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY AS PRESIDENT.

HIS STORY TOLD MORE FAIRLY AND REALISTICALLY THAN THE MOSTeloquent writer could tell it.—PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHTED BY J. C. HEMMERT.

Governor-Mayor Pingree.

To those familiar with the public career of Hazen S. Pingree there is nothing surprising in the fact that he elects to be Governor of Michigan and mayor of Detroit at one and the same time. In this dual rôle as chief executive there is exemplified a dominant feature of the man's character. He acts under strong convictions, and supreme among them is a conviction that he can best direct the accomplishment of those reforms to which he is committed. In delegating authority he expects it to be exercised under his guidance and be submissive to his dictation. This springs from nothing worse than an unquestioning faith in his own judgment and a determination to incur no risks because of insincerity or want of earnestness on the part of those upon whom he depends. He is an egotist, with a mission that he will trust to no one else.

In the history of the Governor-mayor as a private individual there is the familiar story of thousands who have attained fame and wealth under the special privileges of our American citizenship. Like Cass and Chandler, Pingree came of sturdy New England stock, being born in Maine, and on one of those farms that is a perpetual guarantee against affluence on the part of its owner. Young Pingree was a natural pusher and a born agitator. His juvenile delight was in joint debates that not infrequently passed from the heat of verbal controversy to a rough-and-tumble adjudication of the issue. He secured a fair education, entered the army, made an excellent record, went West at the close of the war, and began growing up with the country by working at a shoemaker's bench in Detroit. From this humble beginning he went up the ladder with a rush. He is now at the head of a great shoe-factory, owns a beautiful home on Woodward Avenue, has extensive interests outside of his immediate business, is known all over the civilized world, and comes nearer holding autocratic sway than any other public official of the country.

His excellency and his honor is a handsome man of the Saxon type, five feet ten in height, weighs two hundred pounds, is finely proportioned, dresses in excellent taste, and is fifty-six years old, though he looks much younger. His physical and mental powers of endurance are simply phenomenal, and he has thrived through a prolonged ordeal under which most men would have broken down. Comparison of some of his characteristics suggests a paradox. Under the most trying circumstances his coolness wears the outward appearance of indifference, and yet, under petty annoyance he can develop a perfect tornado of wrath. He is genial, hospitable, and whole-souled, but can see a friend converted to an enemy and fight him to the last ditch without a symptom of regret. He welcomes support, and yet no amount of opposition can turn him from his purposes. His worst enemies admire his courage, and long since learned that it is useless to attempt a bluff game when he holds the opposing hand. Honesty is another of his conceded virtues. He has lavishly spent his own money in conducting a crusade of reform, though he might have been vastly richer had he been corruptible.

Eight years ago a popular revolt against municipal corruption and incompetency in Detroit had reached high tide. In this emergency some of the Republican leaders saw a forlorn hope of overthrowing the Democratic supremacy maintained for years. It was at a conference of bankers, lawyers, manufacturers, merchants and capitalists that the outlook was discussed. There were some sanguine expressions of confidence, but faith was not behind them, for none of the politicians present would accept a nomination to the mayoralty. After much labor Pingree was prevailed upon, and the other members of the conclave left, congratulating themselves that a sacrificial offering had been found.

But they knew not the manner of man they had turned loose. Self-immolation was utterly foreign to his thoughts. He was a natural-gaited hustler with an abnormal amount of ginger in his composition. He had been one of the most popular traveling men that ever carried a "grip" and was a thirty-third-degree "jollier." He was at home with all classes, and had a way of making fair promises that carried conviction. His triumphant election was a knock-down surprise to his wealthy sponsors, who at once became his volunteer advisers. But their conservatism was heresy under his creed, and they soon became his most unrelenting denouncers. To such a pitch did this animosity attain that the mayor's line of credit at the banks was revoked. He was subjected to social ostracism, and even in the church there was an atmosphere created that froze him out. But the very fact of this opposition, no matter what may have induced it, made Pingree the hero of the masses and their support rendered him invincible.

At the very outset of his administration the mayor opened his famous street-car war. The company then operating the main system had practically been a law unto itself, securing the most liberal concessions and giving an abominable service. Pingree's demands that franchises should be paid for, and that the people should be given the best modern service, were met with a sneer of defiance. He went at it, hammer and tongs, through the press, through the common council, through indignation meetings and committees of fifty, through the board of public works, and finally through the courts. He was met with money, influence, and intrigue in opposition, but he rode roughshod over them all. At times he went too far, but he was going all the time. The company was forced from feigned sales to a bona-fide transfer of its property. It had to change its name as well as its tactics, under the new régime. About the worst

horse-car system in the country gave way to one of the best electric systems.

Then began the fight for cheaper fares. The existing company would yield none of its vested rights, and denied that any profit could be had from three-cent fares. The mayor encouraged the coming of a rival corporation that was granted the occupancy of all the streets it wanted, and urged to take more. It was to sell eight tickets for a quarter, up to eight o'clock in the evening, and its lines completed a system that literally gridironed the city within its limits; and there is none better equipped. This new company is the Detroit Railway, and its promoters were among the most active political supporters of the mayor, doing yeoman service for him when he failed of the gubernatorial nomination in 1894, and making a strong fight in his behalf during the campaign that won him the coveted prize last fall.

Pingree's potato scheme is known the world over and has been productive of much good in Detroit. He has made that city one of the best paved on the continent. He has relentlessly sought to eliminate crookedness from the city government, his zeal leading him, on occasions, to charge bribery and corruption before providing the legal evidence of their existence. His aggressive tactics have caused one official to attempt suicide and another to entirely disappear, both having had their palms crossed by an enterprising contractor. He has

reduced the price of gas, improved the efficiency of the public service in every direction, driven toll-gates out of the suburban districts, induced a higher sense of official duty, and brought better men into positions of trust.

Unfortunately some discount must be made upon this showing of what Pingree has done in four successive terms as mayor. He has been "bounced" by the new street-railway company that he fostered. Last fall it purposely impaired its service so as to drive its patrons to the old company which charges straight five-cent fares. This was the first step toward a consolidation of all the street-railway interests of Detroit, and the object has been practically accomplished; the Fort Wayne and Elmwood lines, which had never before been involved in the prolonged fight, entering the pool. In the matter of fares this leaves the citizens of Detroit but little better off than when Pingree was first elected. He has announced a determination to make the fight right over again, and even threatens to resign the Governorship next fall in order to be re-elected as mayor. He has overthrown the old Republican State machine, but in order to do so has built up a stronger Pingree machine. How wisely its power will be exercised remains to be seen.

The Governor will be as belligerent as is the mayor. He was vigorously opposed by the railroads because he is pledged to have all their property taxed like that of other people, to establish a uniform passenger rate of two cents a mile, and to remove all the inequalities in the matter of freight charges. He opposes all tax exemptions now enjoyed by corporations, of whatever kind, and places church properties in the same category. He demands that the State institutions be maintained at the highest standard, and that, so far as possible, their supplies be provided from Michigan resources and industries. He wants a State income-tax, a closer inspection of banks, insurance companies, and building and loan associations, and more effective laws against trusts and monopolies. He declares against convict labor as a competitor in the manufacturing field, and advises the establishment of State farms where the convicts may be worked. The money and the lobbyists of the corporations are at Lansing to fight the Governor's plans, and the relative strength of the opposing factions in the Legislature is yet to be determined.

But it is certain that Pingree will be more in evidence than ever before, and that the battle will be a merry one. He is an uncompromising radical, but it has passed beyond dispute that he pleases the people. He received six votes to McKinley's five in this State, and had his strongest support in Detroit, where he is best known. He is not an Altgeld, but Pingree's idea of reforms goes far beyond the limits of conservatism, and in politics he is disposed to that philosophy in which the end justifies the means. He will never realize his dreams, but he is constantly improving the situation.

In the meantime his vaulting ambition is hesitating between the Presidency and a United States Senatorship that would oust "Jim" McMillan, toward whom, as a politician, the Governor-mayor has shown an implacable enmity.

Tesla's New World.

THIS revolving globe generates every moment enough electricity, if it could be stored in batteries, to run all the machinery of the world for the balance of time. At the North Pole this electricity streams off in beautiful red ribbons called the auroras, and we see this phenomenon on account of the highly attenuated condition of the atmosphere. But everywhere, as high as the air reaches, around this earth is this immense wealth of nature, yet man, in his blindness and puminess, continues to manufacture with his little dynamos what nature has placed before him in such abundance. He does not need to manufacture another spark; he needs only to use an infinitesimal fraction of what is already made and the world of intelligence will become a whispering-gallery, and the world of his machinery will move in its appointed motion out of the forces of the invisible air.

For more than ten years scientists have known that man was wasting his time and energy burning coal and wood, denuding

his forests, impoverishing his soil, and blackening the air of his cities, and then, with all his boasted speed, to move comparatively as a cripple. A few of them knew this, and one of them, Nikola Tesla, was bold enough to say that he could change all this. Well, it hasn't yet been changed, but while I was in his laboratory the other day he looked up from one of his machines with the confidence of Archimedes lighting his face. "I have found the way of my dream and will soon show it to the world." Mr. Tesla, as is well known, has harnessed Niagara and now he is ready to harness the globe.

A few hundred feet in the air, just above what is known as the magnetic disturbance of the earth's surface, the electric waves run in long, straight lines. They are called the Hertzian waves, after young Hertz, their discoverer. These waves are, in fact, found everywhere in the air, but up there they can be used without the danger of local disturbance, and Mr. Tesla has, by a long series of experiments, learned to take hold of them and flash a light precisely as a sunbeam is flashed from a mirror. He has also learned to throw the electric energy of these waves into a battery and turn a distant machine connected with this battery by a wire. Mr. Tesla has a machine in his laboratory, that he calls an oscillator, that generates these waves and projects them into the atmosphere just as nature does. With this oscillator he has succeeded in making every calculation necessary to flash a message without a wire to any part of the earth, or to take the electric waves generated by the great power of Niagara and grind wheat in Argentina, or run the trolley-cars in Sydney. This is no longer speculation, but science, and with time and capital such a gigantic scale will be realized.

What is necessary is to build here and there, on the high points of the earth, tall towers and put into the tops of these towers machines to gather and focus these waves, just as the mirror gathers and focuses the sunbeams. Mr. Tesla said to me that, with a tower tall enough and with machines big enough, he could send a message from New York to London without a wire, but for transmitting electric energy for running machinery at this distance it would require a series of towers. But there never will be any necessity for running machinery at that long distance from the source of energy. It is over long distances that we want to telegraph. With such a station at New York not only could we talk to Europe without wires, but every ship on the Atlantic could communicate with us, and assistance could be rendered to any one of them in distress. The seas would be robbed of over half their terrors. But this means of communication would render it impossible for a few persons to conceal important information long enough to take advantage of the public. Every financial panic has had its origin in the way the telegraph or cable news has been concealed, but a tall tower flashing its messages on the city would protect the public and would immensely help nations to readily understand each other in an international crisis threatening war.

It is now known that light is sound carried to a point of vibration beyond hearing. These are scientists, and among them Mr. Tesla, who believe that the two terms may be convertible—that is to say, that we might take a sunbeam and so graduate it down as to hear something of the terrific storms that are constantly sweeping over that luminary. So it may not be impossible to attach the telephone and phonograph to these waves that may be made to blink around the globe as the winking diamonds in the girdle of a woman's waist. If we ever talk and sing across the wide seas this is possibly the only way, for it should be understood that wires can be distributed from these high stations into every house.

Mr. Tesla has gone so far as to say that it is possible to communicate with other planets of our system by throwing gigantic letters with these tall-tower lights on the face of the earth. This is downright dreaming, and here we part company with this great artist of science.

D. F. ST. CLAIR.

Castelar on the Cuban Question.

IT has been said and written thousands of times in the past few months, in Europe as well as in the United States, that the war in Cuba is being indefinitely prolonged in order to save the Spanish monarchy. The actual government, it is claimed, is supported by the people only for reasons of patriotism. Many believe that, no matter which way the Cuban question is settled, the royal house of Spain is doomed. It is also assumed that the next government of Spain will be a republic, in which case its president would unquestionably be

Don Emilio Castelar, president of the former short-lived Spanish republic, and Spain's greatest orator and statesman. It will be interesting, therefore, for the readers of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* to learn Señor Castelar's opinions on the present difficulties of Spain.

"I have been made by the newspapers—the sensational newspapers, here and abroad—to say a great many things which I never said about the United States. Ah, these sensational newspapers are another plague of this end of our century. Why, Spain is positively governed by three newspapers, which have more influence over the government than all the senators and deputies put together.

"This I have to say about your country, and I want it to be well understood: I admire it beyond expression. It is the country that has given liberty to the world and freedom to mankind. Without the United States, liberty, freedom, republicanism,



HAZEN S. PINGREE.



DON EMILIO CASTELAR.

democracy would be mere words. If civilization has reached the glorious summit where we see it to-day it is due mainly to what your country undertook in the last century and has accomplished since. I trust the good sense of your people. I have boundless confidence in them. For this reason I have always laughed at the idea of a war with the United States. No, no; it could not be possible. I say, as I have said all the time, Let Spain do right in Cuba; let us give the Cubans autonomy and all kinds of liberties, and the United States government will ask for no more."

"What would you suggest to bring the war to an end?"

"Give the Cubans the reforms they want—give them autonomy!"

"But the Cubans claim," I said, "and rightly, that they cannot trust Spain; that autonomy and reforms have already been promised, but the promise never kept."

"They are wrong," broke in a delegate from Cuba. "Most of what was promised has been granted. Reforms were to be introduced eighteen months ago which would have made Cuba as free a colony as any English colony. It was announced in the official paper; they cannot deny it. And it is because the Cubans, who dream of annexation to the States, saw that they would have no more grievance against Spain that they took up arms, thus playing their last card."

"Well," I could not help remarking, "they have backed that last card, as you call it, pretty well. Do you mean to say, Señor Castelar, that it is your belief that the present government will give autonomy to Cuba?"

The eminent Spaniard smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and

But a minute later he added that "this could be done and Cuba still remain a Spanish colony."

"Do you mean that you consider it *impossible* to give up Cuba?"

"Yes, absolutely impossible; there is not a Spaniard that would consent to it. We cannot give up the last of our magnificent colonial empire. We must retain it—retain it at the cost of our last man and our last dollar. You do not understand us in the United States. You are a nation of common-sense business men, with cool heads. You would not fight as we do for an island which, far from bringing any money, cost us millions and millions. We are a nation of nervous, excitable, poetic, chivalrous people, willing to die as men and as a Power for the sake of an idea—for what we consider our honor. No; I tell you Cuba will never be given up as long as Spain exists. It is a question of honor—nothing else."

A. B. DE GUERVILLE.

Fatal Gas Explosion in Boston.

THE leakage of two six-inch gas mains caused the terrific explosion in the streets of Boston, last week, which killed six persons and injured nearly fifty others. The photograph of the fearful scene, which LESLIE'S WEEKLY is enabled to show here-with, was taken within fifteen minutes after the accident occurred, by Mr. Stebbins, whose establishment is within a stone's throw of the place—the corner of Tremont and Boylston streets. At this point the gas mains cross the subway for the under-ground railroad. The escaping gas had accumulated in the

space between the roof of the subway and the temporary covering which represented the surface of the street. Ignition is supposed to have been caused by a spark from the electric motor of a car passing along the track over the subway excavation. The explosion was like the boom of a cannon, and was instantly followed by an outburst of smoke and flames. One car and two carriages were blown to pieces, their occupants, drivers, and horses killed. Two other cars were shattered, and all the windows in the neighborhood were broken by the concussion. Men, women, and children, who thronged the busy thoroughfare at that hour—11:45 A. M.—were cut and bruised by the flying débris. Boston has not known such a sensation in years, and the occurrence will live in tradition for many generations, as this part of the city at that time of the day is always crowded with suburban shoppers who flock to town early each morning.

It is said that the leakage of gas at this point had been a matter of general but ineffectual complaint for

a month or two past. Mayor Quincy has instituted an investigation.

Harvard's Strong Man.

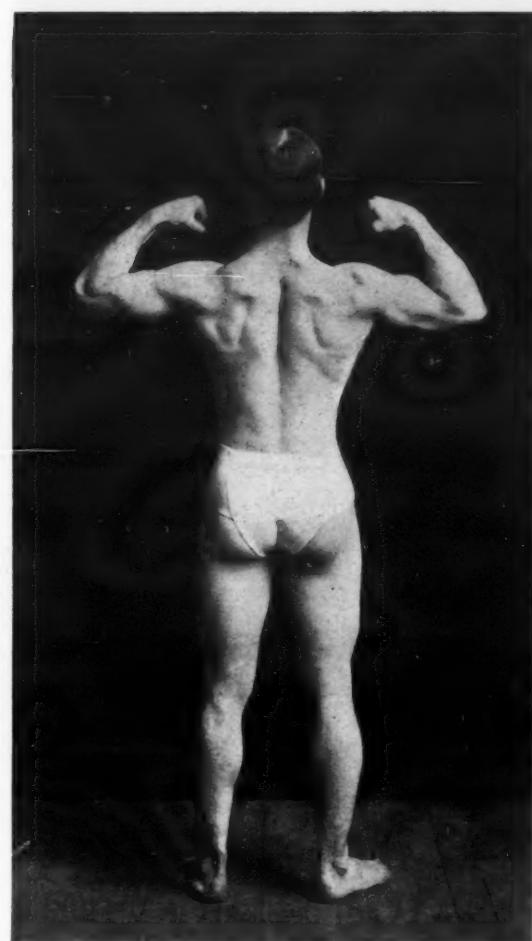
To Arthur Lovering, of Harvard College, class of '97, belongs the honor of being the strongest college student in America. This was determined a few days ago by Dr. D. A. Sargent, whose system of physical measurement has gained such a world-wide reputation. Dr. Sargent made his measurements at the Hemenway gymnasium, in the presence of a throng of athletes, and found that Lovering beat Klein, who then held the record as the strongest college man by one hundred and thirty-one points.

A few months ago Lovering made a strength test which gave much promise, and it was predicted that by careful training he would soon be able to break the record. In the measurements made at that time Lovering fell only three and one-half points behind Klein's record.

Lovering is only twenty-one years old, and the measurements are considered the more remarkable on that account. The test of Klein's strength was made early in 1895, when he was twenty-five years old.

The following is a comparison of the measures of the two men:

	Lovering. Centimetres.	Klein. Centimetres.
Girth of chest.....	93	103
Girth of chest, full.....	102	109
Girth of waist.....	72	77
Girth of hips.....	89	95
Girth of thigh, right.....	53.5	58
Girth of thigh, left.....	52	58
Girth of calf, right.....	36.5	39
Girth of calf, left.....	35.5	39
Girth of upper arm, right.....	36	36
Girth of upper arm, left.....	33	34
Girth of forearm, right.....	30	32.5
Girth of forearm, left.....	28.5	30.5



HARVARD'S STRONG MAN.

Photograph by Pach.

The figures show that Lovering is far more symmetrically built than the former champion. The measurements of the neck, upper arm, and calves are practically the same, corresponding with the proportions of the ideal Greek figure.

The comparison of the two men in the strength test proper follows, and is given in kilos:

Strength of lungs.....	37	31
Strength of back.....	410	370
Strength of legs.....	665	760
Strength of upper arms.....	383	227.2
Strength of forearm.....	165	141
Totals.....	1,660	1,529.2

Lung capacity is not included in the above figures. The capacity of Lovering's lungs is two hundred and ten, while Klein's is two hundred and eighty. In all other respects Lovering is Klein's superior, although, as may be seen by the body measurements, Klein is the larger man of the two. The measurement of lung strength is shown on a circular dial when a blast from the lungs is forced through a rubber tube. To show the strength of the back the athlete firmly grasps in both hands a wooden handle to which is attached a chain connected with a stiff spring and a register. The upper body is bent forward from the hips at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and then with the back a weight is pulled up. The same machine is used to obtain the strength of the legs. In this test the legs are bent and the handle held upon them at a point midway between the knees and the hips. Lovering was weakest in this particular test, and Klein strongest, the difference between them being almost one hundred points.

To ascertain the strength of the upper arm the athlete dips on the parallel bars and chins on the rings. Lovering showed his superiority in both these tests. He dipped forty times to Klein's nineteen, and chinmed seventeen times to the former champion's twelve. To get the test figures the number of times in each is added together and multiplied by one-tenth of the weight.

It seems that Klein excels in his legs, while Lovering's best tests are in other portions of the body, particularly in his arms. In the total number of points Lovering shows sixteen hundred and sixty, and Klein fifteen hundred and twenty-nine and a fraction.

Besides being a younger man than Klein, Lovering is a good deal lighter in weight. When Klein's test was made he weighed one hundred and seventy pounds; Lovering weighs twenty pounds less.

Lovering was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts. He is the grandson of Professor Lovering, who was one of the faculty of the college and a famous authority on mathematics. Lovering has occasionally taken part in athletic contests on the college grounds, but he has given little attention to physical training. He is careful about his diet, takes a brisk walk every morning and every evening, and generally exercises a little with dumb-bells in his bedroom. But he seldom visits the gymnasium. His parents were not strong, by any means, but his grandfather on his mother's side was noted for his strength. Lovering expects to begin training in the course of a few days with the varsity crew. Captain Goodrich says he should make a great oarsman.

Do You Have Asthma?

If you do, you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery that they are sending out free, by mail, large trial cases of the Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma who send their name and address on a postal-card. Write to them.



SCENE AT TREMONT AND BOYLSTON STREETS, BOSTON, IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE FATAL GAS EXPLOSION.—Photograph by Stebbins.

answered: "The question is whether the present government is strong enough."

At this juncture a well-known French bishop, who has been traveling in Spain, was ushered into the room. Like all other distinguished visitors in Madrid, he was eager to pay his respects to Castelar.

"Did you hear," asked the orator, "that the Pope has just declared to the Spanish ambassador to his court that he considers it an absolute necessity that the desired reforms be granted to Cuba; that the war must be brought to an end, for the sake of civilization?"

Castelar did not add, however, what is now known here, that the Pope made these remarks, publicly, at the request of the Spanish government itself. The religious element of the Spanish population, headed by the priests and the monks, is the most patriotic and the most anxious to fight Cuba to the bitter end. When, a short time ago, the prime minister announced his intention of granting the necessary reforms to Cuba he was bitterly denounced by the clergy.

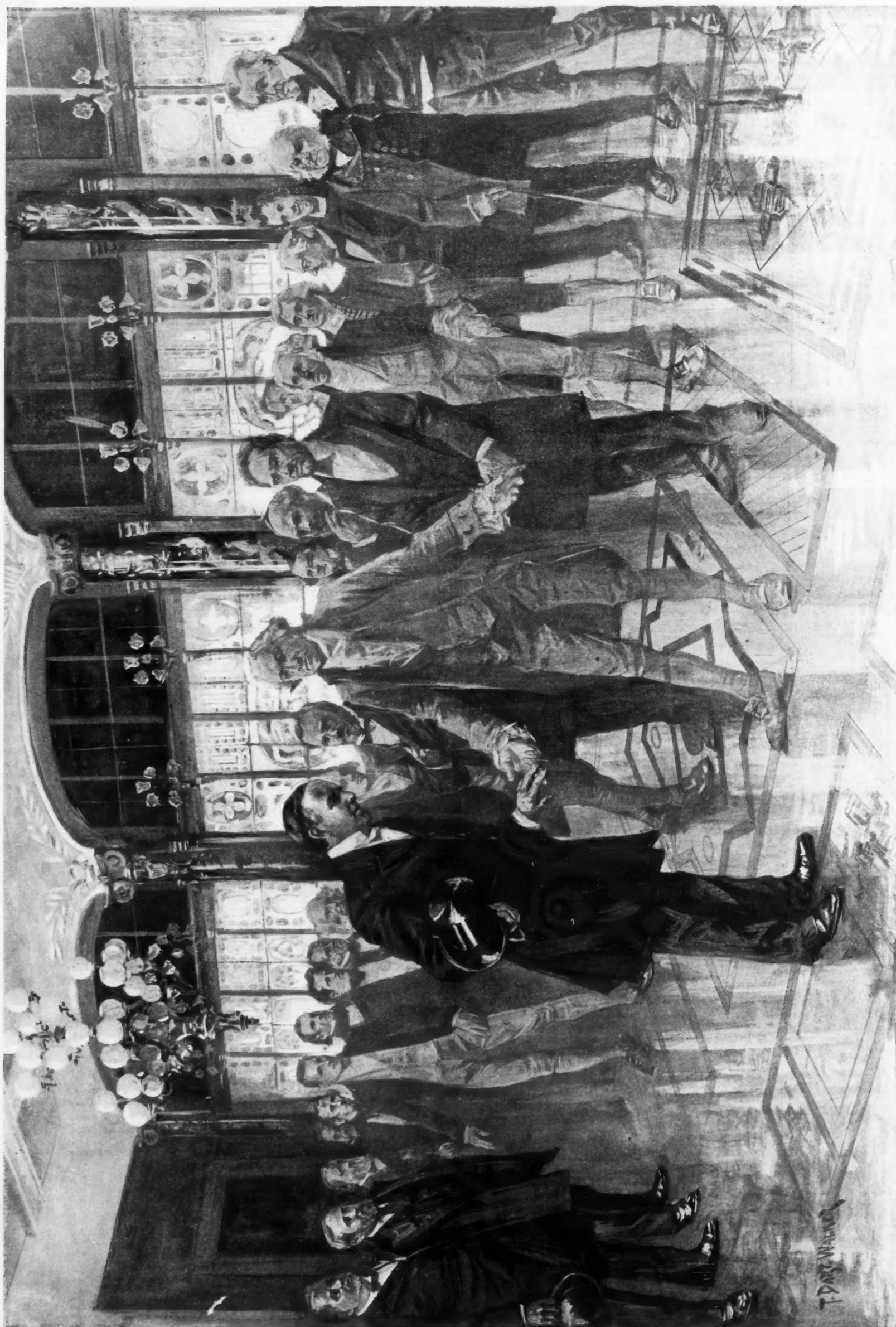
"Ah," continued Castelar, "I despise the monks and the clergy, who insinuate themselves into public and governmental affairs. But I admire the Pope! He is the greatest living statesman, and probably the greatest of this century."

Before leaving Madrid I went to say good-bye to the great man, and found him thundering against the way things are managed in Cuba, and especially against the influence of the monks in the Philippine Islands.

"They positively govern these islands," he said, "and they want to govern them in the way things were done in the Middle Ages. It is impossible—impossible! If we want peace we must give these people the liberty which in this age is necessary to the life of man."

"Let me ask one more question: If to day you were at the head of the Spanish government what would you do for Cuba?"

"Make a republic of it; give the Cubans their autonomy!"



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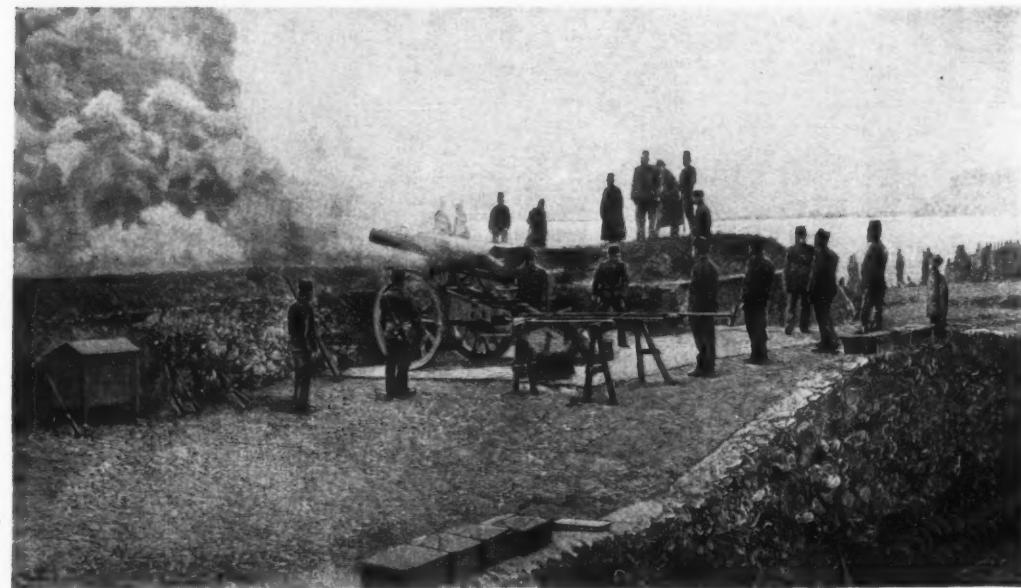
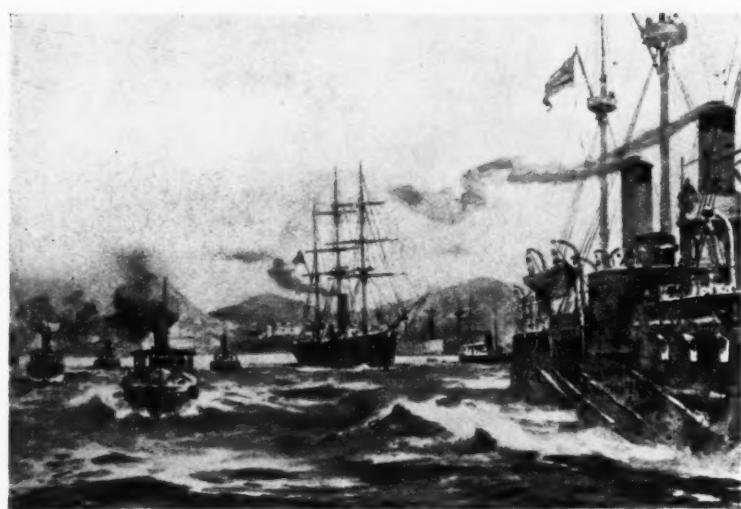
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LETTERS FROM FARMERS

In South and North Dakota, relating their own personal experience in those States, have been published in pamphlet form by the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, and as these letters are extremely interesting and the pamphlet is finely illustrated, one copy will be sent to any address on receipt of two-cent postage stamp. Apply to George H. Headford, general passenger agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Illinois.

AMUSEMENTS.

DALY'S THEATRE, Broadway and 30th St. Evenings at 8:15. Matinees at 2. and the reappearance of Miss ADA REHAN THE GEISHA Tues., Thurs., Sat.

FLORIDA'S GREAT PASSENGER SERVICE.

via Pennsylvania, Southern and F. C. & P. and Florida East Coast Line; a grand train from New York to the Royal Palms. Built especially for the through line to Florida. Leaves New York daily except Sunday at 12:10 noon, reaches St. Augustine next day at 4:40 P.M. Two other fast trains. New York offices, 271 and 335 Broadway.

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has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

DORRIN'S Floating-Borax Soap is not an imitation. It is original. The only soap that floats, contains Borax, and is one hundred per cent. pure. It is worthy a trial. Every lady who tries it continues its use. Red wrapper.

"TOXIC" means something that tones you up—in other words, it means Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters. Sold by all druggists and dealers.

A GEM.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE for 1897 is just out. To call it a gem is to employ the use of a very mild expression. It is one of the most attractive publications ever issued by James Vick's Sons, Rochester, N.Y., and to those who have had dealings with this old, reliable establishment in past years, this means that the Floral Guide is one of the finest catalogues of the season. Aside from the brilliant ornamental features, it is a compendium of valuable information on the subject of flowers, and should be widely distributed throughout this country. Vick's Floral Guide and packet of either Branching Aster, Pansy, or New Japan Morning Glory mailed on receipt of 15 cents.

DRUNKENNESS IS A DISEASE.

Will send free Book of Particulars how to cure "Drunkenness or the Liquor Habit," with or without the knowledge of the patient. Address Dr. J. W. Haines, No. 439 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE DISAGREEABLE WEATHER DRIVING PEOPLE SOUTH.

For the last two weeks the travel southward has been very large. The cold and changeable weather in the North has been doing its work. The principal resorts South are being rapidly filled, and the transportation lines in that direction have been doing an immense business. The Southern Railway system, whose northern terminus is at Washington, D. C., and penetrates every State South, operating its trains from New York over the Pennsylvania to Washington, thence over its own rails, has made great improvements in railway transportation, in every instance looking to the comfort of southern travel, and they are being rewarded by running their three limited trains daily from New York filled to their capacity. The service offered by this great system is equal to that offered by any railway on the American continents. Its limited train service to Florida, New Orleans, and the Pacific coast is perfect in every respect. Any one contemplating a trip to any points South, Southwest, or the Pacific coast should write the New York office of the Southern Railway, 271 Broadway, and get complete information relating to schedules, etc., and descriptive matter of the charming country through which this great system takes you on a southern journey.

Free to Every Man.

THE METHOD OF A GREAT TREATMENT.

WHICH CURED HIM AFTER EVERYTHING ELSE FAILED.

Painful diseases are bad enough, but when a man is slowly wasting away with nervous weakness the mental forebodings are ten times worse than the most severe pain. There is no let-up to the mental suffering day or night. Sleep is almost impossible, and under such a strain men are scarcely responsible for what they do. For years the writer rolled and tossed on the troubled sea of sexual weakness until it was a question whether he had not better take a dose of poison and thus end all his troubles. But providential inspiration came to his aid in the shape of a combination of medicines that not only completely restored the general health, but enlarged his weak, emaciated parts to natural size and vigor, and he now declares that any man who will take the trouble to send his name and address may have the method of this wonderful treatment free. Now when I say free I mean absolutely without cost, because I want every weakened man to get the benefit of my experience.

I am not a philanthropist, nor do I pose as an enthusiast; but there are thousands of men suffering the mental tortures of weakened manhood who would be cured at once could they but get such a remedy as the one that cured me. Do not try to study out how I can afford to pay the few postage-stamps necessary to mail the information, but send for it, and learn that there are a few things on earth that, although they cost nothing to get, they are worth a fortune to some men and mean a lifetime of happiness to most of us. Write to Thomas Slater, Box 529 Kalamazoo, Michigan, and the information will be mailed in a plain sealed envelope.

PUBLISHERS, PRINTERS AND LITHOGRAPHERS

THE LENTEN SEASON.

ALTHOUGH the annual migration to Florida is already much heavier than in former seasons, it bids fair to be unusually prolonged, Easter Sunday falling as late as the 18th of April. The Lenten season has become quite an important factor in life at the various winter resorts, affording as it does the opportunity of rest and quiet, healthful recreation in a region of sunshine and balmy breezes, away from the boisterous March winds.

Conducive to this constantly increasing spring travel are the facilities offered by the excellent triple daily service of The Florida Short Line via Washington, Columbia, and Savannah. Especially is this due to the schedule of the Florida Limited, a magnificent Pullman vestibuled train of observation, compartment, sleeping, and dining cars, leaving New York via Pennsylvania Railroad at 12:10 noon; Philadelphia, 2:30 P.M.; Baltimore, 5 P.M.; and Washington, 6:20 P.M.; via the Southern Railway, Columbia, 7:30 A.M.; via the Florida Central and Peninsula Railroad, reaching Savannah at 11:30 A.M., Jacksonville 3:30 P.M., and St. Augustine 4:40 P.M.; a most convenient hour. Other additional express trains, with coaches and through sleeping-cars, leave New York via the above route at 4:30 P.M., and 12:15 midnight, Washington 10:45 and 11:15 A.M., arriving at Savannah 4:30 P.M. and 5 A.M., Jacksonville 9 P.M. and 9 A.M., connecting in Union Terminal Station for points beyond.

For reservations in sleeping-cars and further information, apply to J. L. Adams, G. E. A., 335 Broadway, New York City.

"Drink HUNTER RYE. It is pure."

LEGAL NOTICES.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD," commencing on the 9th day of February, 1897, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court, and entry, etc., of the assessments for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following-named avenues in the 23d Ward:

CLINTON AVENUE, from Boston Road, at 169th Street, to Crotona Park; CYPRESS AVENUE, from St. Mary's Park to Bronx Kills.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller, City of New York, Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, February 13th, 1897.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD" commencing on the 18th day of February, 1897, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation by the Board of Revision and Correction of Assessments of the following assessments in the several wards herein designated:

FIRST WARD.—CUYLER'S ALLEY, PAVING between Water and South streets. DE PEYSTER STREET, PAVING between Water and South streets. BURLINGSLIP AND JOHN STREET, PAVING AND LAYING CROSSWALKS between Pearl and South streets. GREENWICH STREET, PAVING from Battery Place to Fulton Street.

FIRST, THIRD, FIFTH, EIGHTH AND NINTH WARDS.—WEST STREET, PAVING AND LAYING CROSSWALKS from Battery Place to Gansevoort Street.

SECOND WARD.—FLETCHER STREET, PAVING AND LAYING CROSSWALKS between Pearl and South streets.

THIRD WARD.—COLLEGE PLACE, REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING AND FLAGGING between Chambers and Dey streets. GREENWICH STREET, PAVING between Vesey and Barclay streets. WEST BROADWAY, FLAGGING between Vesey and Barclay streets.

SEVENTH WARD.—JACKSON SLIP, PAVING AND LAYING CROSSWALKS between Water and South streets. WATER STREET, SEWERS between Market Slip and Jefferson Street.

ELEVENTH AND SEVENTEEN WARDS.—STANTON STREET, SEWER OUTLET EXTENSION, East River.

TWELFTH WARD.—BOULEVARD, FLAGGING between Ninety-sixth and One Hundred and Third streets. COLUMBUS AVENUE, PAVING AND LAYING CROSSWALKS between One Hundred and Twenty-sixth and One Hundred and Twenty-seventh streets. CONVENT AVENUE, PAVING between One Hundred and Forty-fifth and One Hundred and Forty-sixth streets. ISHAM STREET, REGULATING, etc., from Kingsbridge Road to Tenth Avenue. JUMEL TERRACE, PAVING, etc., between One Hundred and Sixtieth and One Hundred and Sixty-second streets.

MANHATTAN AVENUE, PAVING between One Hundred and First and One Hundred and Second streets. MANHATTAN AVENUE, PAVING between One Hundred and Third and One Hundred and Fourth streets.

PEASANT AVENUE, PAVING between One Hundred and Fourteenth and One Hundred and Fifteenth streets.

PEASANT AVENUE, PAVING between One Hundred and Fourteenth and One Hundred and Fifteenth streets.

ST. NICHOLAS AVENUE, CROSSWALKS at One Hundred and Sixteenth Street.

SEVENTH AVENUE, CROSSWALKS at One Hundred and Eleventh Street; also at Lenox Avenue and One Hundred and Eleventh Street.

ELEVENTH AVENUE, SEWERS between One Hundred and Eighty-sixth and One Hundred and Eighty-seventh streets.

EIGHTY-SIXTH STREET, FLAGGING AND CURBING between West End Avenue and Riverside Drive.

NINETY-FIFTH STREET, FENCING east of Boulevard.

NINETY-SEVENTH STREET, PAVING between Madison and Fourth Streets.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIRST STREET, PAVING between Lexington and Park Avenues.

ONE HUNDRED AND SECOND STREET, PAVING between Central Park West and Manhattan Avenue.

ONE HUNDRED AND SECOND STREET, FENCING between Columbus and Amsterdam Avenues.

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRD STREET, FENCING between West End Avenue and Riverside Drive.

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRD STREET, FLAGGING between Columbus Avenue and the Boulevard.

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTH STREET, PAVING AND LAYING CROSSWALKS from Columbus Avenue to Central Park West.

ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTH STREET, REGULATING, GRADING, etc., between Columbus and Manhattan avenues.

ONE HUNDRED AND ELEVENTH STREET, REGULATING, GRADING, etc., from the Boulevard to Riverside Avenue.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWELFTH STREET, PAVING between Lenox and Seventh avenues.

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEENTH STREET, FENCING between Pleasant Avenue and East River.

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEENTH STREET, PAVING from Amsterdam Avenue to Morningside Avenue West.

ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTEENTH STREET, FENCING between Park and Madison avenues.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTIETH STREET, PAVING from Amsterdam Avenue to Boulevard.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTIETH STREET, PAVING from Manhattan Avenue to Morningside Avenue East.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SECOND STREET, FENCING between Seventh and Eighth Avenues.

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THIRD STREET, PAVING between

Twelfth Avenue and Boulevard, ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SEVENTH STREET, BASIN corner Madison Avenue, ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHTH STREET, PAVING from Amsterdam Avenue to the Boulevard, ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SECOND STREET, PAVING from the Boulevard to the N. Y. Central and H. R. Railroad, ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SEVENTH STREET, PAVING from Amsterdam Avenue to Boulevard, ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIRST STREET, REGULATING, GRADING, etc., from Bradhurst Avenue to Harlem River, ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET, PAVING from Bradhurst Avenue to Harlem River, ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-THIRD STREET, CROSSWALK west side of Boulevard, ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET, BASIN south west corner Boulevard Lafayette, ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIFTH STREET, PAVING between Amsterdam and Edgecombe avenues, ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIXTH STREET, PAVING from Amsterdam Avenue to Kingsbridge Road.

TWELFTH AND NINETEENTH WARDS.—EIGHTY-SIXTH STREET, SEWER OUTLET, between East End Avenue and East River.

SIXTEENTH WARD.—THIRTEENTH AVENUE, PAVING AND LAYING CROSSWALKS between Eighteenth and Twenty-third streets.

EIGHTEENTH WARD, UNION SQUARE, SEWER, west side, between Sixteenth and Seventeenth streets. TWENTY-THIRD STREET, SEWER OUTLET between Avenue "A" and East River.

NINETEENTH WARD.—SIXTY-THIRD STREET, FLAGGING AND CURBING in front of Nos. 306 and 308, SEVENTY-FIFTH STREET, FLAGGING AND CURBING between First Avenue and Avenue "A."

NINETEENTH AND TWENTY-SECOND WARDS.—SIXTH AVENUE, CROSSWALKS north side of Forty-fourth Street.

TWENTIETH WARD.—THIRTEENTH AVENUE, PAVING AND LAYING CROSSWALKS between Twenty-seventh and Thirtieth streets.

TWENTY-FIRST WARD.—TWENTY-EIGHTH STREET, FLAGGING AND CURBING from First Avenue to East River, TWENTY-EIGHTH STREET, PAVING between First Avenue and East River.

THIRTIETH STREET, BASIN southeast corner of Second Avenue.

TWENTY-SECOND WARD.—FIFTY-FOURTH STREET, REGULATING, GRADING, etc., from Tenth Avenue to Hudson River, SEVENTY-SEVENTH, EIGHTY-SECOND AND EIGHTY-THIRD STREETS, BASINS at Riverside Avenue, EIGHTIETH STREET, FLAGGING AND CURBING between Boulevard and West End Avenue, EIGHTY-FIFTH STREET, PAVING from Boulevard to Amsterdam Avenue, COLUMBUS AVENUE, FLAGGING between Eighty-first and Eighty-second streets.

TWENTY-THIRD WARD.—BUNNY STREET, OUTLET SEWER, WITH BRANCHES, TINTON AVENUE, SEWER, WITH BRANCHES, ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIFTH STREET, REGULATING, GRADING, etc., between Lincoln and Willis avenues, ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-NINTH STREET, PAVING between One Hundred and First and One Hundred and Third streets.

MANHATTAN AVENUE, PAVING between One Hundred and First and One Hundred and Second streets.

PEASANT AVENUE, PAVING between One Hundred and First and One Hundred and Second streets.

PEASANT AVENUE, PAVING between One Hundred and First and One Hundred and Second streets.

SIXTIETH STREET, FENCING southwest corner of Railroad Avenue West, ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FOURTH STREET, PAVING, etc., from Boston Road to Trinity Avenue, ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIXTH STREET, SEWER between Tinton and Forest avenues, ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHTH AND ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-NINTH STREETS, FENCING between Brook and Willis avenues, ELTON AVENUE, PAVING from One Hundred and Fifty-third Street to Brook Avenue.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller, City of New York, Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, February 25, 1897.

IT LOOKS RISKY.

WHEN people buy things at half price it would seem like a risky piece of business for the dealer to offer to buy them back at full price. Well, it would be, unless the articles represented extraordinary good value at full price.

The Caw's Pen and Ink Company, of 168 Broadway, certainly have unbounded faith in the merit of their Fountain Pens, or such an offer as they are holding out would be out of the question.

They are issuing a rebate ticket to each applicant, good for one dollar toward the purchase of a Fountain Pen.

There is nothing very remarkable about that, but here is the remarkable part of it. The purchaser of a pen may use it for a month and then return it and get back one dollar more than he paid for it.

The company relies on their customers being so well pleased that they will not dispose of their purchase at any price.

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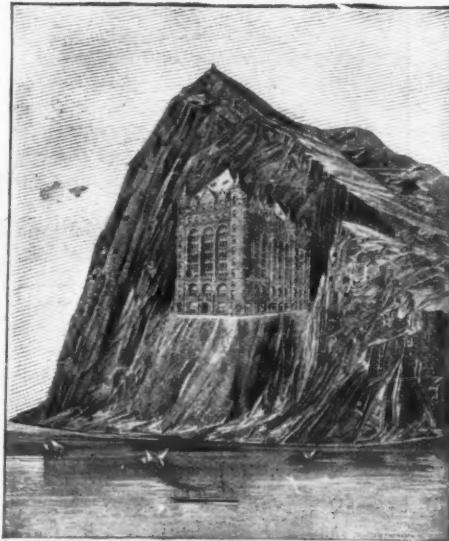
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